LAKE AND STREAM GAME FISHING

DIXIE CARROLL

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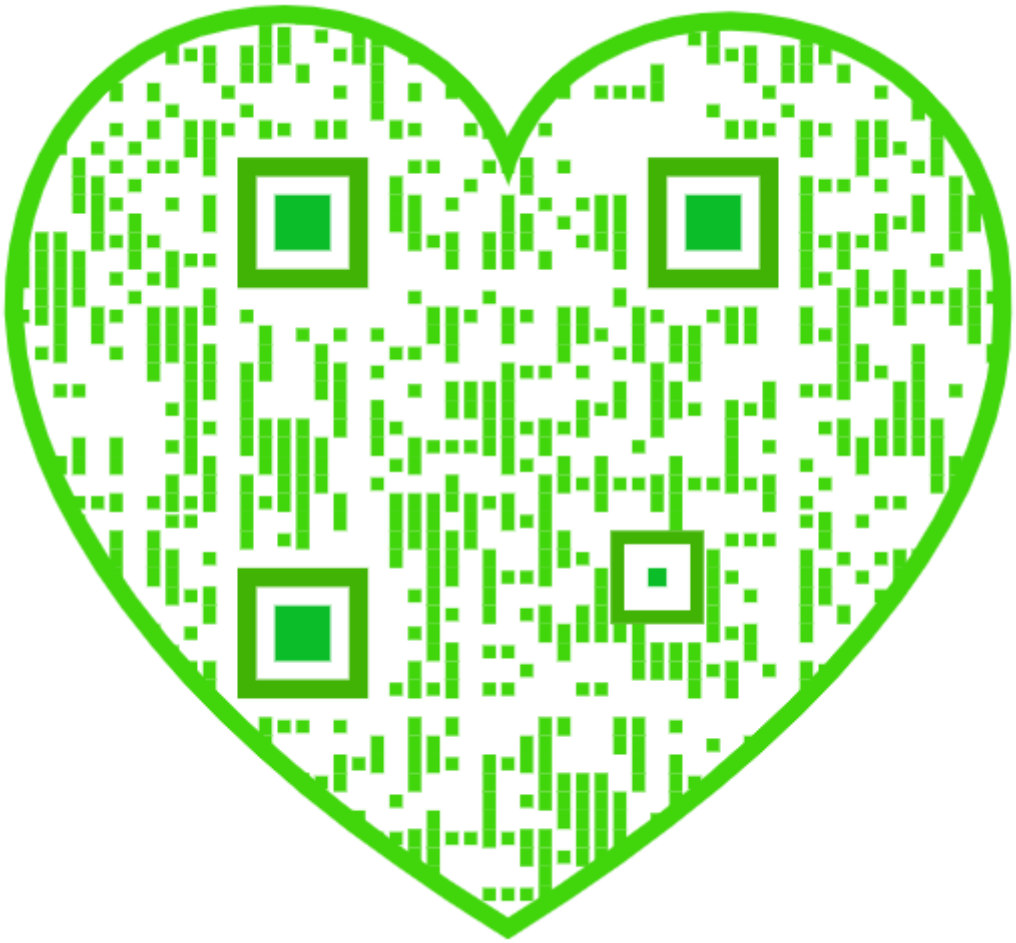

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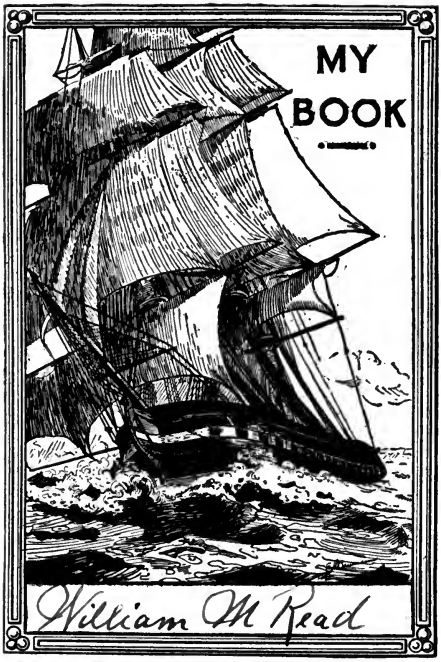

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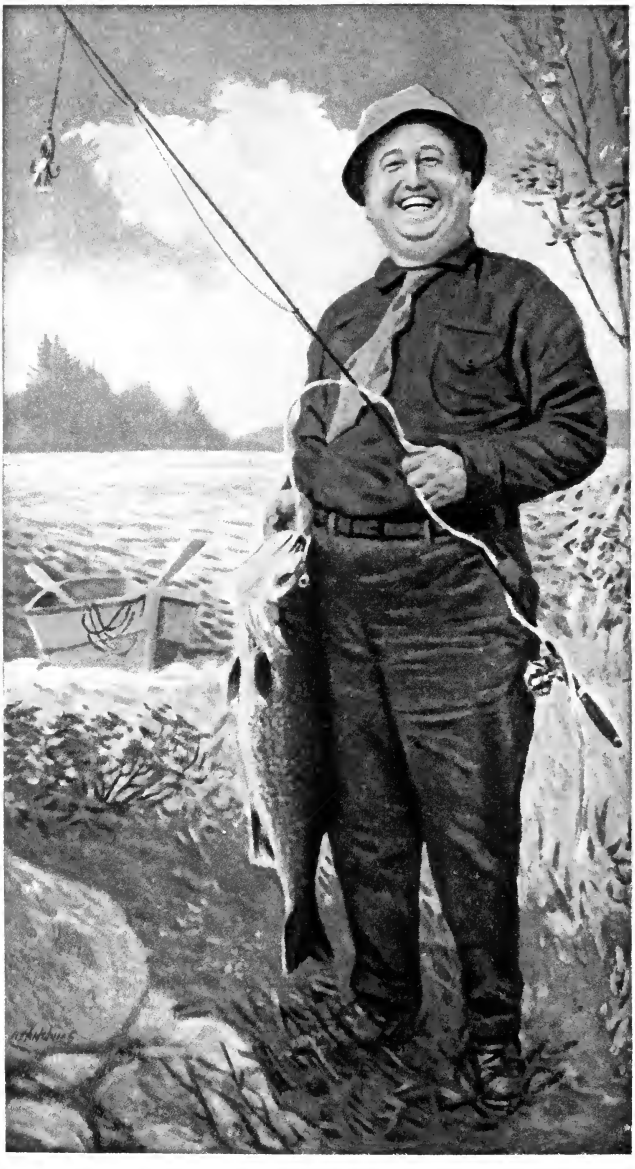

The author and a 12½-pound wall-eyed pike caught in Black Lake, McNaughton, Wisconsin. This pike was caught on a hot July day about 11.30 a. m. and the lure used was a Heddon's underwater Dowagiac crackled green back with a white belly. The cast was made across the mouth of a small bay and the lure reeled slowly in order to allow it to sink. The water was of an average depth of twenty feet.

(From painting by Arthur Hutchins)

LAKE AND STREAM GAME FISHING

A Practical Book on the Popular Fresh-Water Game Fish, the Tackle Necessary and How to Use It

BY

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Editor of the National Sportsman and
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President, American Anglers League

Carroll B. Cook

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

JAMES KEELEY

Editor of the Chicago Herald

AND A FOREWORD BY

JACK LAIT

VERSE BY

ALBERT JAY COOK

CINCINNATI

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TO
MY WIFE, ROSE,
WHO IS EQUALLY AS GOOD A "PAL"
ON WILDERNESS LAKE, STREAM OR
TRAIL, AS ALONG THE WELL-
BEATEN PATHS OF
CIVILIZATION

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PREFACE

In writing this book of fish, fishing, tackle and how to use it, as well as incidental remarks on equipment it is not the intention of the writer to set it up on a pinnacle as a "hollier than thou" book. Opinions on tackle and the method of using it are varied and at times wonderful. There are purists in every angle of the sport and by each method of angling the purist in that particular line will swear by the nine gods and at times swear at all other methods.

I have never allied myself to any one particular part of angling. I can have equally as much enjoyment from tossing the plug, live bait or feathery fly. As long as it is fishing in a sportsman-like manner with line, rod and reel and playing the fish until it comes up to the net or gaff, white-side up, I consider the game true sport and worthy of just consideration.

As to the methods of angling and the handling of tackle advocated herein, they are the methods that I have found to be successful from actual experiences of my own or from the experiences of other fishermen with whom I have cast and whipped lake and stream.

As to the information on the habits and peculiarities of the different game fish, this I have accumulated since my early fishing days passed on the Potomac

and its tributaries, and from close association with keen guides and woodsmen of the North Woods country.

I feel that the fishing game is on the verge of becoming the most popular of out-door's sports and it can be made so, not only for the present day, but for the years to come, if the fishermen will follow the creed of the American Anglers League of which I have the honor of being president. This creed follows and I earnestly hope all fishermen will burn this thought into their memory and in time of need, observe it.

> OUR CREED: to encourage the re-stocking of lakes and streams; to advocate the observing of all fishing laws; to throw back uninjured the under-sized fish; to catch game fish in a sportsmanlike manner with rod, line and reel, in order to make the sport of fishing better in the years that follow.

To the keen followers of the call of lake and stream with whom I have passed many pleasant hours and learned much, I wish to express my thanks. Particularly to Earny Wendt, Guide Extraordinary of the North Woods; to Albert Jay Cook, sportsman, poet and apostle of the great out-doors whose verses are used in this book; to Robert Hurt Moulton, fisherman, journalist and photographer for a selec-

tion of photographs used in this book; to James Keeley, fisherman, sportsman and editor for his loyalty to the sport of fishing and his mental storehouse of fishing lore from which I have drawn many facts as fishing editor of the Chicago *Herald* and for writing the Introduction of this book; to Jack Lait not a fisherman but a writer of human interest stories with a kick in every line and thoughts between the lines, for writing the Foreword of this book; to W. W. Stehle, "Buck" to his many out-door pals, fisherman, hunter and soldier, to whom these chapters were originally written as a series of letters on fishing and who preserved and returned them to the writer for revision and use in this book.

If this book makes the sport of fishing more enjoyable and quest of the game fins more successful for the reader, then it will have accomplished the end for which it was written.

If it makes of the uninitiated, a lover of the great out-doors and a follower of natures water trails and takes him out where he can get a close-up of old Mother Nature, then its writing will be doubly blessed.

Dixie Carroll

(Carroll Blaine Cook)

"Timberedge Lodge,"
McNaughton, Wis.
October, 1916.

INTRODUCTION

The would-be teacher of the art of angling must ever be a pupil. Every day on stream or lake, in waters or in boat, is a lesson, and though one accumulates the experience of a quarter of a century his education is not complete and never would be complete if he lived to be as old as the prehistoric fish we find in neolithic rock. Each cast may present a new problem. Each strike a situation for which there is no " rule " or precedent.

Experience is the real teacher and to the novice generally a costly one.

Nevertheless there is a field for instruction and the experience of an " old timer " will be of value to those who are new to the sport and even to veterans of the rod whose range of effort has been circumscribed.

If a man has, year after year, tramped little-frequented trails, and blazed new ones for himself; if he has sought out and found the streams where the brook trout rises most readily to the fly, the pools where lurk the largest salmon, the favorite haunts of the bass, the wall-eyed pike and the muskellunge, and if he has matched his wits against all of these

under every condition of weather and with every kind of lure and tackle, then he is qualified to impart useful information on the subject.

In the whole field of sport there is, perhaps, no thrill comparable with that which comes of doing fair battle with a gamey fish; he is a worthy opponent for any man, and through all the stages of the contest, from the first fierce strike to the final sweep of the landing net, the red blood surges and the nerves tingle in wholesome exhilaration.

But, while victory is sweet to the angler, and naturally is his first aim, the mere catching of fish is not all of fishing by any means. The true fisherman does not measure his success either by the size or number of the fish he gets, and even if he gets none at all, his days still are full of profitable pleasure. To him every minute in the woods or on the waters offers something of interest, whether it be merely watching the wild people of the forest, the sunsets and sunrises, the starry map overhead at night, or listening to the call of birds, the wind in the trees, or the musical lap of waters.

Chicago, February 24, 1917.

J. KEELEY.

FOREWORD

Dear Dixie:

They tell me you're doing a book on "Lake and Stream Game Fishing." Since I never fished for game in either lake or stream, and since one of the best things I do is to write learnedly on that which I know nothing about, let me give you a little advice:

In writing fishing stories one should follow the mechanics of story-telling, just the same as in writing love stories. Fish are more human than the people about whom romances are written, though, of course, they fall down when it comes to "problems" or "triangles," for I never heard of a scandal under water except the famous submarine controversy.

Look at the latitude you have, though, on other standard topics for stirring tales — motherhood, for instance. Motherhood is the most sure-fire of all the subdivisions in the selective acreage of story-stuff. And a mother-fish, I am told, has a yield at each conception that would stagger Roosevelt. Can't you see the possibilities here for racking tales of Mrs. Fish and her brood — or are children of a fish called a "flock"? In either event, the maternal muskellonge or the parent bass or the like holds forth, in my

vision, fiction possibilities on a large and shiny scale.

I see that the prospectus announces "Not a dry line in the whole book." Of course not; you can't hook fish-story-readers with dry lines. Therefore, I pray you, get off the conventional themes such as how to take the spear out of the ribs of a gar when what you wanted was a pike, or how to properly bait with live frogs when the guide forgot the pail of frogs on the pier. What you want to do, I fancy, is to go into the psychology, the sociology, the temperament, the emotions, the heart-throbs, the ambitions, the disappointments, the better nature of the fish.

What do we know to-day of the mental progress of the fish? Little if anything. Are we then to presume that the wily bass and the ferocious musky of 1917 are as benighted as the sucker of the year of the big wind? Is there, then, no Bryan of the finny realm, no Mrs. Pankhurst of the angled deeps, no wall-eyed Lloyd-George and no big-mouthed Ford amongst them?

The unwritten material is enormous, magnificent. What is the politics of a pickerel? What is the religion of a trout? What are the morals of carp? Is the conscience of an eel anything like that of a munitions maker?

Speak, you who know the sweet language of fish, and do for us a "Hiawatha" of the underlakes, a "Gunga Din" of the river bed!

Teach us not only how to catch the elusive citizens of the blue, but lead us into communion with them so that we can do more than merely dangle them on a hunk of string and fry them in a pan. We want to civilize them and assimilate them so that we can sell them stock in new moving-picture companies and lead them by the flipper to walks of our own making where we would unfold to them the mysteries of how to blow a safe or carry an election.

Before you lies the chance of being the uplifter of the fish. You alone may play the famous white man's part in unfolding before the gullible children of the wet recesses the manna of the earth — suffrage, booze, evangelism, advanced thinking, Robert W. Chambers, five-card stud, the bunny hug, nude films, Democratic victories, tax-dodging, taxi-dodging — there's no end to what a fish doesn't know and what we members in good standing of the order of brotherly love are hep to.

Therefore, I beseech you, Dixie, do not again bend your superior talents to the paltry and sordid pursuit of telling how to nab a fish for breakfast; take your stylus well in hand and write us a guide-book on how to teach a fish to take a joke so that we may live long and increase our percentage.

With every good wish, always,

Your friend the piscatorial ignoramus,

JACK LAIT.

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LAKE AND STREAM GAME FISHING

BAIT-CASTING OUTFIT FOR THE BEGINNER

So you are sure stumped, Old Man, when it comes to getting together a bait-casting outfit. Been hitting her up with the old cane pole and any old hook or line, and getting the fish, but every time you pass a tackle layout in a sporting goods store, your hands fairly itch to swing one of those short bait-casting rods, and then you sorta hold back, 'cause you don't just know what's really needed and you sure don't want to tip off your hand to the fellow on the " inside " that you are shy on tackle dope.

Slip this into your card index: you can get a fine outfit together for $12 to $15 that will give you rattling good service and, at that, be a line of tackle that you need never be ashamed of. It'll stand up under the hard knocks that you probably will hand it and, with a little practice, will get you fish for your stringer. At the same time it will make a good showing with any other fellow's tackle, unless, of course, he happens to be a " he-whop " for coin and overdoes the tackle stunt.

ROD EITHER SPLIT BAMBOO OR STEEL

For a rod it can be either split bamboo or steel and between 5 and 5½ feet in length. In split bamboo you can get a good one for $4 to $7, and for a choice, medium-priced rod there is none better than a Jim Heddon's No. 4, which comes with an extra tip and sets you back $5. This rod should give you at least five years' good service and as it is a two-piece rod, long tip and short butt, it works almost as good as a single-piece one, which is considered the ideal rod, but a darned unhandy one to tote around. The two-piece rod is a fine bender, without straining at the ferrule, which is below the center, well to the butt, and is full of snap and whip. The price is low, but the rod is good.

For the rod, if you select a steel one, you will make no mistake in getting a Bristol No. 25, which is sure some bait-caster. The steel rod is strong and durable and this Bristol is just stiff enough to make long casts with precision and whippy enough to make a short cast with ease. The reel seat is close to the grip, which makes thumbing the reel less tiring. The extra large guides and tip are an aid to casting, as the line shoots out freely without much friction on the guides. This rod costs you $7, but you will always keep it in your kit, even after you go in for the more expensive stuff.

REEL IS THE HEAVY WORKER

For a reel you will want a quadruple multiplying, or, in other words, " old hoss," one that makes four revolutions of the core of the reel to one turn of the handle — that's for speed in giving you casting distance and also to retrieve the line quickly with the smallest amount of hand work.

By far the biggest end of the bait-casting work depends upon the reel, which is the most important item in the outfit. The average day's fishing runs about six hours of continuous casting, at all of which time the reel is hard at work playing out line and recovering it. This is a steady grind and the reel must be a good one to stand up under the strain. This only goes to show that a poorly constructed reel will shortly throw up the sponge with a few wheezy shrieks, and about that time, far away from a tackle outfitter, you will let out a few choice cuss words and give it the Christy Mathewson into the weed beds.

There are many good reels that you can get, ranging from $4 to $7.50, and they will all do the work and do it well. The Meisselbach " take-a-part " is a humdinger and creases your bank roll to the extent of $5.50. I have a " take-a-part " in my kit, been there doing service for eight years and is still on the job; as a matter of fact I think it has done

more casting than any of my reels. It is built right and if you just must find out what makes it go, you can take it apart without a screw driver and put 'er together again and know that you cannot mix its " innards." For this reason alone the inquisitive fisherman should have it, because a reel can be put out of whack easier by tinkering than most anything.

The Shakespeare Standard Professional is a clean running reel and nicks you to the tune of $6, but it's worth it and a good caster. The Milan, Meek and Talbot reels around the same figure are very good ones, and are worthy of a place in any tackle box.

GOOD-BY TO BACK-LASHES

If you are shy on time to practice thumbing the ordinary reel, and you don't want to bother with " back-lashes," which happen more or less to even the sure-enough fishermen, you can get an antiback-lash reel and start casting with practically no practice. The South Bend Antiback-lash at $9.00 and the Pflueger-Redifor Antiback-lash at $7.50 are both good ones, and take a lot of trouble off your hands. For moonlight and night casting you will find the antiback-lash a winner, and that is the time to hook the big ones. It's mighty unhandy to try to untangle a back-lash by the light of a pocket flash lamp, especially when the bass are hopping up out of the water all around you; sort of makes you nervous, and the more you untangle the worse it tangles.

For a line, get a fifty-yard spool of waterproof soft square braided silk No. 6, which runs freely from the reel and with the least amount of friction on the guides and is easily thumbed without burning. A Kingfisher line of this kind will cost you 80c and it will not get fuzzy nor swell up when wet.

ARTIFICIAL PLUGS AND WOBBLERS

Of lures or artificial baits there are legions and they range in price from 10c up. Some are worth it and some are not. You'll probably want to buy every one you see, and try 'em out. That's part of the game, but for a starter the following will make a selection in color and style that ought to interest any old bass or other game fish: A Jamison Coaxer at 50c; Heddon's Crab Wiggler, 85c; Tango Minnow, white with red top, 75c; South Bend Bass-Oreno, rainbow color, 50c; Wilson Fluted Wobbler, green crackled back, 75c; Pflueger-Surprise minnow, white with green back, 75c. This gives you a collection of lures at $4.10 that contains every kind of a wiggle, wobble, dive or other movement in the deck and if you keep them moving when in the water, there is no reason why any high-brow bass won't strike them out of pure inquisitiveness — just to see what makes 'em do it.

For your pork rind, frogs and live minnows you will need a few spinners and spoons. Get a Hildebrandt, single and tandem, Slim Eli No. 3, and a

couple of Skinners new casting spoons 4-x, bright nickel and white enamel and a Foss Pork Rind Minnow. These will cost you around 75c and give you enough variety for a start at natural bait-casting.

With a couple of little odds and ends such as sinkers, extra hooks and an oil can, you have a bait casting outfit that should help you "bring home the bacon."

BAIT-CASTING FOR THE BEGINNER

For your practice work, or rather the back-yard casting, before you try out the real stuff, all you need of your bait-casting tackle is your rod, which can be of steel or split bamboo, and either a 5 or 5½ footer as you prefer; 50-yard spool of waterproof soft square braided silk No. 6 line; a quadruple multiplying reel, and a casting plug. For the latter you can detach the hooks from an artificial bait, and thus avoid hooking a pal who may be there to give you a send off, or you can get a practice casting weight, which is a hookless minnow the same weight as the average plug.

Joint your rod and place the reel in the reel seat right above the grip, with the reel on top of the rod, reel handle to the right. Run the line through the tip and guides, wind it evenly on the reel and loop on the plug at the end.

At a distance of say 30 feet from the spot where you intend to stand while making the cast, peg down a small piece of paper, say about eight inches square, for a target. Imagine this is the home of a fine frisky bass, it adds to the interest of the game.

CASTING LIKE SWITCHING APPLES

You recall how you doted on switching apples in

the old orchard, when a kid. You'd push your switch through a nice, juicy apple, swing it back over your shoulder, sweep it forward, and away flew the apple which you hoped would land on Fatty Jones' skypiece. Well, Old Man, outside of the thumbing of the reel, that's the motion of bait-casting — just downright ordinary switching apples.

You are all ready now, so get in the box, 30 feet from the target, and face it. Take the rod in your right hand, let the plug hang down about six inches from the tip, the reel on top with the thumb pressing on the line wound on the spool of the reel, and the fingers of course around the grip of the rod. Before bringing the rod back over the shoulder to start the cast, twist the wrist to the left enough to bring the top of the reel towards your body, and the spool of the reel nearly vertical. In this position swing the rod back over the right shoulder until the plug hangs on a line with your belt. The rod will then be at about a 45 degree angle with the ground, and your hand near your right ear. This much is for position, and the cast starts from this point, differing therein from fly-casting which starts from the first upward sweep.

KEEP THUMB PRESSURE ON REEL

From this position swing the rod forward with a swift firm sweep, increasing the speed as the rod swings forward — all this time the thumb pressure

stays on the line wound on the reel. As the rod sweeps to a perpendicular position, release the thumb pressure — but not entirely — and out shoots the plug carrying the line from the reel.

Keep your eye on the plug, although it's a hundred to one shot that you will watch the reel instead. While the plug is still in the air and just before it hits the ground, press the thumb down firmly on the reel, which stops it from revolving. If you fail to do this, Old Man, the reel will keep on turning from its momentum, and having no heavy plug in the air to pull it along, the line will snarl up on the reel and you will be introduced to your first " back-lash," with which you will become well acquainted, anyway, as you get along in the game.

If your plug did a pretty flight straight up in the air, you released your thumb pressure before the rod was perpendicular, and if it did a Brodie right down into the ground in front of you, then you failed to release the thumb pressure soon enough. Remember this point: the thumb pressure is never entirely removed from the line on the reel and the lighter pressure on the line keeps a " pull " on the bait and prevents back-lashes —" Bad cess to 'em." Always jam the thumb down hard just before the bait lands, stop the rod in its sweep when it is much higher than the target, and keep your eyes on the plug. Then as it flies out and settles, slowly lower the tip of the rod, keeping the plug, line and rod on a line as

much as possible, as it saves friction on the guides and makes your line last longer, as well as increases the distance of your cast.

REEL LINE IN SMOOTHLY

You have now made your first cast, and upon how carefully you reel in your line depends the success or failure of your next cast. Shift the rod to the left hand, grasping it above the reel and circling it from the underside, with the line between the forefinger and the thumb which guide the line across the spool of the reel and back again until it is all reeled in. Don't let it pile up on the ends of the spool, which it has an ornery habit of doing, or build up into a hump in the middle. If you do, you can check off the next cast as a dead one.

Try to reel it in as level as possible. Of course when actually fishing you will always watch your bait while reeling in the line, especially when you are casting among lily pads and windfalls, but in the practice work watch the reel. This will save you lots of time and fish later. After a little practice you can watch the plug, remembering not to slow up the thumb and finger in guiding the line smoothly onto the reel, or it will pile up before you know it and bring back your old friend, Mr. G. W. Back-Lash, Esq.

After you have made a few casts, Old Man, you will begin to notice the target, and how near you

are coming to it. As you develop accuracy at 30 feet, increase your distance a few feet at a time, until you can cast say 60 feet, which is far enough to cast for most any fish. Trying for too much distance at the start has spoiled many a bait caster.

SPLIT-BAMBOO BAIT-CASTING RODS

Without a doubt, Old Timer, the one-piece rod is the ideal bait caster, but when it comes to toting it around, it is the unhandiest article one could find in a year's travel. You simply cannot tote it along on a trip without the haunting fear that someone will assist you to break it, but once on the water with a little old one-piece split-bamboo rod, it shows up like four-of-a-kind after a lean run. For the permanent fishing camp or the chap that is lucky enough to live right close to good fishing waters, there is no better rod than the one-piece. It is full of action from the butt to the tip, and is not weakened at any point by a ferrule. You can sure play a scrappy fish to a fare-you-well with a one-piece rod, and were it not for the fact that it is so unhandy, and for that reason not desirable for ordinary use, more of them would be used by the fishing gentry.

TWO-PIECE ROD A DINGER

For the two-piece rod there is but one style of construction that should be considered, and that is the short butt and long tip. A rod of this kind comes the nearest to having the same amount of action and strength as the one-piece rod, as the ferrule is set well down below the center, allowing the strain

to be distributed equally and giving the bamboo a chance to spring without being stiffened by a ferrule, and the action killed. This short-butt, long-tip construction gives you a snappy rod that shoots out the cast without unnecessary strain on the wrists and arm. In selecting a rod of two-piece construction, side-step the rod with the ferrule directly in the middle, the point of greatest strain in landing a fish.

THREE-PIECE HANDY TO CARRY

The main thing in favor of the three-piece rod is the fact that you can stick it in a suitcase and carry it without any bother. Every place you put a ferrule on a rod kills that much more resiliency in the bamboo. The ferrule is unbendable and at that point comes the break when the load on the bamboo is too severe. This is a hundred to one shot and you can play it clean across the board and never take a chance on your money. Although serrated ferrules are used in the more expensive rods, they cannot eliminate the severe strain which generally causes the rod to break either right above or below the ferrule. Even at that, the three-piece rod is stronger than the two-piece rod when the ferrule on the latter is in the middle.

LENGTH AND WEIGHT OF RODS

Early in the bait-casting game the rods were generally made either four or four and a half feet in

length, but as the sport grew in popularity, they stretched them up to six and a half feet, making all stops between. It is a matter of personal choice as to length, probably the most popular size being the five footer. This makes a rod that has a good swing to it and still carries enough backbone to hold the big ones, and at the same time is long enough to give fine play in landing the fish. For overhead casting, while sitting in a boat, the five-footer makes an ideal size, and is about right for distance casts. Split-bamboo rods average about an ounce to the foot, and at that rate a five-footer would only tax your wrists to the tune of five ounces, which isn't such a great old load to toss around during the day's fishing.

FITTINGS FOR THE ROD

The fittings of the rod are an important feature — they not only add to the life of the rod but also, if of the right kind, add to casting qualities, and every little help to lessen the effort and work of casting makes quite a difference in a few hours' fishing. The ferrules should be of German silver — they are stronger and better made than the brass ferrules which are generally nickel-plated, and many a defect can be hidden under a coating of nickel.

The selection of the hand grip, as to style, lies between the single and the double grip. After a day's casting with the double grip you will wonder

how you ever got along without it. It is far more comfortable to fish with, the upper grip giving you a firmer and easier hold on the rod in reeling in the line, and at the same time eliminating the cramped position of the left hand. If you have never used the double grip, Old Man, treat yourself to a good thing and select that style in your next rod. In the way of material, the solid cork grip, which is really made of a series of cork washers, makes the finest grip in the game and it sure has a soft feel to the hand. As a second choice the canewound grip is alright, but why take a second choice when you can get the real stuff?

Of course you will want a locking reel seat; the majority of rods have them anyway and who wants to throw his reel into the drink right at the time when he has a chance to hook the big one? Finger-pulls are going a little into the discard, but it is no disgrace to have one on your rod, and at that it assists the short-fingered caster to maintain better control over his casts. If you feel that you will have better control over your rod with the finger pull, get it — you're the fellow to suit, not the innocent bystander.

In the matter of guides, the agates have it on the rest of the family. Of course, the ideal rod has a complete set of narrow agate guides with an offset agate tip, but with the first guide gate and the tip of the same material, with the in-between guides of

a medium-sized hard German silver ring, you have a combination that will stand up well, cause little or no friction on your line and give increased ease in casting, which are the main duties of a well-regulated bunch of guides. Way back in the early days of the short-bait casting rod the guides were all of the old Kalamazoo style, a great big guide about the size of a two-bit piece. Some of them are still floating around. If you ever see one making for you in a sporting goods store, give him both barrels and duck for the timber line, 'cause they sure are no account, and who wants to tote something that nobody else cares a rap about?

STEEL BAIT-CASTING RODS AND OTHERS

Well, Old Scout, we now come to that part of the tackle outfit that has caused more argument than the European war, by which we refer to the steel rod vs. the split-bamboo. There are a lot of anglers that swear by the split-bamboo rod and look with horror on the steel rod. These split-bamboo purists are considerably in the minority, however, as can be easily proven by a straw vote of the rods in use at any camp or resort in the game-fishing country. Personally, Old Man, I believe that when it comes to downright class to a rod, you must place the blue ribbon on the split-bamboo. It is first choice of materials, being light, springy and considerably active, although in the hands of a beginner it sure stands a mighty fine chance of breaking if he hooks onto a real live wire of the weedy waters. For downright every-day sort of fishing, in among the weeds and windfalls and for general plug casting the steel rod takes no back seat with the split-bamboo or solid woods. With the steel rod the beginner need have no fear that it will break if he gives it a little care and attention in the handling.

STEEL A STURDY WORKER

The steel rod naturally is a little heavier than the split-bamboo, although the slight difference in weight is not enough to put your arm in a sling after a day's casting. It has plenty of backbone and at the same time enough action to make it a fine caster without the whippiness of the split-bamboo. For tossing out the heavier artificial lures it is in a class by itself. It is a sturdy strong rod that can be depended on to "pump" a fighting bass out of the weeds without giving you heart failure over wondering whether it will hold or not. By this, Old Man, don't take it that it is only a good rod for rough work; handled with the skill of an expert it makes as fine a fishing tool as any rod. It may not be as speedy in action as the split-bamboo, but as a buying proposition for the beginner, dollar for dollar, you will get a better rod in steel in the lower-priced rods than you will in either the split-bamboo or solid woods.

ALWAYS READY FOR USE

The steel rod does not require much care, being a husky tool, and about all that is necessary to keep it in first-class shape is to wipe it dry after using, and oil it occasionally with "three-in-one" in order to avoid rust. It is always ready for use and you never have to bother with frayed windings, cracked

varnish or warped joints. You will never make a mistake if you include a steel rod in your kit; in fact, if you are going into the woods far from your tackle supply, as a "safety first" tote a steel bait-caster. The general construction of the steel rod is three-piece with short handle, and the fact that the ferrules, which are merely a band of bronze, are built right into the rod, overcomes the weakness of the three-piece split-bamboo. It is the most satisfactory rod of the three-piece construction. There is one little old veteran steel rod up in the North woods that started its bait-casting life as a five-footer some six years ago. A number of breaks and accidents have reduced it to a trifle below four feet. The guides have been resoldered a number of times, the enamel has passed away, yet this old pal of a rod made a 31½-pound musky come up to the gaff, without a quiver in its short length, and at that it's still good for many a cast. Wonderful strides have been made in the steel-rod end of the game, and it's here to stay, as is shown by its popularity on the fishing waters anywhere, and if you get a good one you can feel sure that it will be there with the goods when you hook your big one, excellent for learning the game, and, in fact, a fine rod for any time. They can be had in any style and length, the better rods being made with solid cork grips, three piece and separate butt. Agate first guide and tip, with German silver or hardened steel intermediate guides

make a rod that works well with the soft braided silk casting lines.

SOLID WOOD RODS

Of the solid woods for bait-casting rods noibwood takes first place. It is a wonderful resilient wood, and at the same time tough and strong. It makes a mighty fine rod, but for the average fisherman the price is so high that it's on the top shelf just out of reach. But if you ever get to the point where you want to squander a nice price on a solid wood rod that is par excellence, get one of noibwood.

Bethabara is a more commonly known material of the solid-wood family, and for $10 you can get a fine rod of this wood that will make a handsome appearance and give you a caster that will more than satisfy you. The bethabara rod is a livelier caster; it is tough enough to stand hard handling, although careless use may warp it.

A close second in casting power, strength and resiliency comes greenheart, and as this wood is far lighter than bethabara, the rods made of it are considerably thicker than those of bethabara and yet not any heavier. Good greenheart rods can be bought for $6 and up.

Of the solid woods, lance-wood is by far the cheapest and some years ago had quite a following, but you will see few in use to-day. It has a tendency to warp under a strain, and even atmospheric changes will have a noticeable effect upon it.

THE BAIT-CASTING REEL

There is one part of your bait-casting outfit that sure must be right in material and workmanship, Old Scout, or you might as well make up your mind that your bait-casting days will be a grand old series of backlashes and cuss words, and that little old important feature is your reel. You can slip a set of guides on a cane or any old stick and with a good free-running reel make a cast, but without a reel that runs smooth and even, your bait casting will be one darned bit of trouble after another, and to save your standing in the home burg you'll go back to still fishing and lead a peaceful, quiet life. When you figure the amount of work the reel performs in a single day's casting, taking an average of six hours for actual casting, you get some idea of the heavy tax placed on the bearings and gears as it sticks to the job of shooting out the line at a high speed and retrieving it. A slipshod, poorly constructed reel, carelessly thrown together, will cough up its gears after an hour or so, and it's good night to your fishing trip.

THE QUADRUPLE MULTIPLIER

The quadruple multiplying reel and the short rod have put bait casting in the past few years in first

place as the most popular method of fishing, because it is easy to learn and generally gets the fish. There is nothing mysterious about the q-m; it simply means that the gears are toothed to make four revolutions of the spool of the reel to one revolution of the handle. This increases the speed of recovering the line with the least amount of hand work. In shape the reel should be of the long, low spool design, the ordinary 60-yard reel having end plates of 2 inches in diameter and the 80-yard reel 2¼ inches. A reel of this size is plenty large enough for any bait casting and the long, low spool design aids in the thumbing of the line.

When selecting a reel you will make no mistake in choosing one made of German silver, which is by all odds the best material used in the construction of bait-casting reels. A reel made of German silver, with all pinions, bearings and working parts of fine tempered steel is a piece of machinery that will stand up under any conditions. No matter if the reel be one of the low-priced ones, if there is a square manufacturer's name behind it, and it is made on the above specifications and given the care and attention it should have, it will last indefinitely. After one has learned bait casting and knows how to treat the reel and desires something with a classy look, include in your kit one of the combination rubber head and tail plates and German silver reels. This reel, however, requires careful handling as the rubber

is fragile, but it sure looks the part of the aristocrat.

JEWELED BEARINGS ARE FINE

Without a doubt jeweled bearings on the reel make it run more smoothly and add to its life. The lengthened life of a reel due to the fact that it is jeweled more than overbalances the added cost over the ordinary kind. As a general thing the jewels are set in removable caps at the end of the bearings which makes it easy to keep them clean and oiled. Of course the jeweled reel nicks you deeper in the bank roll, but after a fellow has put in practice work on the lower-priced reels and feels like investing in one that will last forever, if handled right, then the jeweled reel is the only one to buy. Right down to cases, as it were, the jeweled reel is one that acts best in the hands of the angler who knows how to handle it. It spins with such freedom and speed that it is conducive to backlashes with the beginner, who has not the thumb work to control it.

CARE OF THE REEL

The life of any reel will be mighty short if it is not given care and attention. The finest machine in the world will not run without oil, yet many fellows will use a reel week after week, and not think of feeding it a little soothing sirup until it begins to scrape and rattle like the 5:15. When this stage is

reached they will drop a little oil in the cups, but the damage is done through overheated bearings and pinions, and the reel will never again run with the freedom from friction and as smoothly as before the rough grind was handed it.

A reel should be cleaned and oiled after each day's fishing. The ordinary thin oil is not sufficient, as no thin oil will last through the different temperatures to which a reel is subjected during a day's casting. Heated by the hot sun or chilled by the night air, as well as drenched with water during the day makes a combination that would eliminate any thin oil. On the other hand the thick oils soon churn into a creamy paste and hamper and clog the reel so that you think you are losing your speed at the game when your casts slow up. You make no mistake when you invest in a bottle of " real " reel oil and the best comes from the jawbones and lubber of the porpoise. This oil is refined up in the Arctic circle and will stand the gaff of any temperature. After you buy the oil, use it; don't stand it away in the tackle cabinet and forget it.

Oiling the reel is not all that is necessary to keep the little old pleasure producer in good shape. Like the line, the reel should be entirely dried after each day's fishing. Athough German silver does not rust, it will corrode and the main cause for corroding is dampness. Be fair to the reel and dry it thoroughly in the open air or sunlight, and drop a little oil in

each oil cup before you tuck it away for the night.

As a final tip on the reel, Old Man, here's hopin' you don't take it apart every once in a while to see what makes it go. The smooth-running qualities of many a fine reel have been ruined by the inquisitive cuss with the itching palm and a screw driver. Of course you would never think of taking your watch apart and assembling it again, and a finely adjusted reel is just as accurately set as a fine watch. If anything goes bad with the reel, take it down to a reel doctor and let him feel its pulse. This will save you time and money and for practice at mechanics you can have as much fun tinkering with an old alarm clock as a victim.

SELF-THUMBERS VS. BACKLASHES

There has been quite a bit of hectic comedy pulled off regarding the self-thumbing, or more commonly called antibacklash reels, some of the writers of fishing dope going right up into the clouds at the mere mention of a self-thumber, all for the simple reason that they think it is unsportsmanlike to take advantage of the little fishes by using a mechanical device which makes casting easier. A big part of this highbrow stuff is bunk. We admit that there is a lot of pleasure to be derived from artistically thumbing the line, and for the fellow who has the time to devote to learning thumbing (and it cannot be picked up in a day) we say go to it, Old Man, and you'll enjoy it. But to the great big army of every-once-in-a-while fishermen, who plug away on the real job most of the time to keep the wolf from getting too well acquainted, there is nothing better than the self-thumber. You can learn to cast with a half hour's practice. Of course you won't be an expert at placing your bait, but you have the great advantage of the thumbing attended to, and that's nine-tenths of the operation of making the cast.

MORE POPULAR EVERY DAY

The fact that you see more of these reels each year shows that they are popular with the week-end fisherman. No matter how proficient a fellow may be in the casting game, every now and then he piles up a backlash that makes the air assume a beautiful purple from the deep muttered words that escape through his exhaust. After a couple of hours' practice the beginner can cast his 30 or 40 feet with less backlashes than can the old-timer at the game, using the ordinary reel. If the beginner be a particularly careful man, backlashes will be almost entirely eliminated.

For moonlight fishing or any night fishing, the antiback-lash reel holds the center of the stage. At this game you cannot beat it, and as many of the largest old bass are caught late in the evening or at night, even the Old Timer should carry one tucked away in his tackle box for this kind of work. I know of nothing more conducive to the flow of cuss words than to get a backlash on a dark night and then try to disentangle it with the aid of a pocket flashlight unless it be that you have a fine old bass flopping aground in the water at the other end of your line while you are working out the puzzle.

There are two mighty good self-thumbers on the market, the South Bend Antiback-lash and the Pflueger-Redifor Antiback-lash. Both of these reels

are well made on the lines of the other famous quadruples, with, of course, the added value of being a great little help to the beginner because they put the death sign on the backlashes.

The South Bend nicks your bank roll to the tune of $9. This is a well-made reel of high polished German silver. The spool and gear journals are of tool steel and built on the long low design considered the best for bait casting. The bushings are of phosphor bronze and the end-thrust is supported by adjustable jeweled spool journal caps that are handy for oiling. The gears are made of solid Tobin bronze, are cut a special hunting tooth, and they should wear until the cows come home.

SELF-THUMBER OR STRAIGHT CASTER

On the South Bend Antiback-lash reel there is a small wire across the front of the reel under which the line is threaded. When the cast is made this wire is lifted by the position of the rod and as the line works out, and the lure slows up, the weight of the wire causes the necessary pressure on the spool to slow it up the same as natural thumbing of the line. On the crank side of the reel is a tension screw that can be adjusted with a slight turn to accommodate any weight of lures. By turning the tension screw a little farther you can use the reel as an ordinary caster and at that it will show up with any in its class.

The Pflueger-Redifor Antiback-lash reel is sure a beautiful tool, and besides having the looks of a thoroughbred it is serviceable and durable, having a bunch of ancestors behind it in the reel family that it can be proud of. The great old feature that makes this reel so successful as a self-thumber are the Flegel centrifugal thumbers. To look at this reel you will see nothing to indicate that it is a self-thumber, but hidden away under the end plates are a pair of little flanges attached to the rear end of the spool. The force of the spinning spool throws these flanges against the rim of the end plates and governs the action of the spool automatically. This sounds mighty simple, but you have to see the reel working to appreciate its wonderful value.

SPIRAL TOOTH GEARS GREAT CASTERS

In finish the Pflueger-Redifor is made of German silver with adjustable jeweled oil cup. Bearings are of phosphor bronze, which are practically indestructible, and with generated spiral tooth gears that give the easy-running action to a reel and fit snug at all times without slowing up the works.

Aside from the fact that the Pflueger-Redifor is a sure-fire self-thumber, it is made along the lines of the regular quadruple multiplier and its satin finish gives it a classy appearance. At the same time the dull finish does not flash over the water when making a cast. The spool is long and carries from 60 to

100 yards of line, according to size. This reel stands you back $7.50.

The self-thumber is a mighty fine reel for the beginner, especially for the fellow who has limited time to devote to the finest of sports, and as a side tip, let me tell you that it often makes a good fisherman out of the lady-who-sometimes-goes-along, because she can cast with ease after a few throwouts.

The time o' day when fishing is usually at its best. As the sun is about to kiss the day good-night, and slip into its bed below the horizon, just paddle around to the shadow side of the lake and cast into the darkened shore waters among the windfalls and weed-beds. A little ruffle to the water makes your chances of interesting the game fins better than a still quiet surface.

THE LEVEL-WINDING REEL

Getting down to the secret of the cause of backlashes, Old Scout, you will find that thumbing the reel improperly is a secondary fault and that the real reason for those little mixed-up jumbles of line is that the line has been spooled in poor shape after making the preceding cast. Even spooling of the line is the best insurance against backlashes. At the same time it is to some fishermen a mighty tiring game, and many a fervent prayer has been uttered by the finger-weary bait-tosser for a level-winding reel.

To the fellow who has never enjoyed the pleasure of a backlash, and to the expert who never gets 'em, the following system will be found a sure producer of a backlash that will make a Chinese puzzle look like a straight line. Just in an offhand sort of way reel in your line without noticing it, let it pile up on the spool until it humps in the center and clings lovingly to one of the end plates, then make your cast, and we guarantee a beautiful, classy backlash that will produce more cuss words to the square inch than any other part of the fishing game. Now that you have at last experienced a backlash, common to us ordinary bait-tossers, it is easy to realize just what the level-winding reel eliminates in the sport of casting.

WATCH THE LURE

Another advantage of the level-winder is that, with its use you can give undivided attention to your lure and the playing of a fish. During the excitement of the strike and play a fellow likes to keep his eye on the old " he-wop " tugging for liberty and it's a good bet that in the majority of cases little attention is paid to the level spooling of the line.

Unless the line is spooled evenly no amount of skill in thumbing the outgoing line will entirely avoid backlashes, and even the fisherman who enjoys the pleasure of thumbing the line and does not care to use a mechanical assistant as a helper will find the level-winding reel a mighty handy tool to make his casting days more delightful. One will often hear a class of fishermen explode with an awful roar when any fishing tool having an improvement to eliminate some of the so-called " art " of angling is mentioned. This bunk, however, must be taken with a few of the proverbial grains of salt and the fisherman who wishes to pass up the most tiring part of fishing, spooling the line, need look no farther than the level-winding reel. And when you take a flier at the fall fishing, with the water fairly cold, it sure makes a hit with even the ultrapurist.

THE ORIGINAL LEVEL-WINDER

The original level-winder is the Shakespeare. This reel is the product of the gray matter of

William Shakespeare, Jr., an angler and sportsman who worked a number of years in perfecting this little old drudgery-killer in the greatest of sports. The earlier Shakespeare level-winders were fitted with a line guide which traveled back and forth across the front of the reel on a double propelling screw, while later ones have but a single endless screw bar along which the line guide travels. The line guide is driven by a gear which meshes with the endless screw pinion and every time the reel handle makes a turn the guide continues on its way and lays the line as accurately and evenly as thread on a new-wound spool. This line guide is not an attachment, but is built solidly into the reel; in fact, is part of the frame itself. There are no little "thingamajigs" to get out of order and the movement of the line guide in no way interferes with the casting distance; in fact, it increases accuracy in the cast, as one can give close attention to the lure, as the smoothly spooled line travels evenly off the reel.

The Shakespeare level-winding reel sets you back from $7.50 to $35, according to the weight of your bank roll, and any one of the outfit will make an addition to the tackle-box that will banish tired fingers from the off front paw. As the main point of golf seems to be "keep your eye on the ball," with a level-winder you can make your slogan "keep your eye on the fish" on the far end of the line, and so increase your chances of landing him.

FLEGEL FATHERS A DINGER

Of course, Old Man, you have heard of the "Beetzel," that little old self-thumber, level-winder, free spool wonder that does everything but spit on the bait. This reel is the combined effort of George Upton, of Warren, Ohio, and Ben Flegel, the father of those little Flegel thumber flanges which make the Redifor-Pflueger an antibacklasher. In the Beetzel, Flegel, known from coast to coast as a wonderful and skillful caster, has added a little twist to the centrifugal thumbers that stop the spool of the reel as soon as the bait stops. The line carrier on this reel travels back and forth on a worm gear, the top of the carrier being notched. The line is not held in restraint when casting, as the carrier drops out of position when the cast is made and is picked up by the carrier when reeled in.

In the free spool end of the reel there are no levers or plugs to manipulate; you simply give the reel handle about one-eighth of a turn backward and there is no drag on the line except the spool itself. The main gear and pinion are in mesh at all times, whether the spool is in gear or not. This is due to the make of the pinion gear which slides up and down on the spool journal shaft and you avoid all chances of stripping the gears, as will happen on some free-spoolers when the gears are suddenly thrown in and out of mesh. The reel is exception-

ally strong and durable and built on the old-line pattern of famous quadruple-multipliers, low-spool design.

The Beetzel shrinks your bank roll to the tune of $20, but it does so many things a fellow never thought could be crowded into one little old reel, that it doesn't seem so awful much after you have worked it out on a day's fishing.

BAIT-CASTING LINES

Many a fish, Old Scout, has been lost on the first three feet of the line, not on account of the weakness of the entire line, or poor quality, but solely from the wear and fraying on the end of the bait casting line due to the friction on the guides and the pull of the bait in its start to the fish. The wear is far greater on the first few feet of the line than any other part, and to be sure of your fish, you must be sure of the strength of that basic part of your tackle, the line that lands 'em. One of the big points to remember in the care of the line is to test it every now and then and break off a foot or two when it shows weakness. The snapping of a good line can be avoided by this little precaution.

Many a good lure is lost, many a spoon or bucktail donated to the deep water, and many a fish fades away from the gaff because this little essential in the care of the line is overlooked. The line may well be called the " safety first " of the bait-casting outfit.

SOFT BRAID VERSUS HARD BRAID

The only line to be considered for bait casting is the braided silk, and of this kind we have the choice between the hard and the soft braided. Of the

former it can be said it wears well and absorbs practically no water, but as a casting line it takes a back seat to the soft braided affair. Owing to the ease with which the soft braided line slides from the reel, it makes the best possible line for casting, and you can thumb it all day without burning your thumb to the quick, which is more than you can say for the hard braided.

The soft braided line spools closely and smoothly on the reel and does not run down so quickly in making a cast, thus giving better thumb control than with the hard braided line.

For general bait casting with plugs and artificials of the wobbler variety you should have a No. 5 line. Some manufacturers lettering their product make a G size which corresponds to the No. 5. For the lighter lures of the spoon, pork rind and minnow class let your selection be a No. 6 or H size.

DON'T USE A ROPE

The big mistake of the beginner, as well as lots of sure-fire fishermen, Old Man, is in selecting a line that is too large and heavy. It is absolutely impossible to do accurate casting with a big, heavy, clumsy line, and anyway this is entirely unnecessary. With the ordinary tackle few fishermen can put more than four or five pounds pull on the line if the rod is used properly, and if it is not the rod will " go " before the line.

I do not think it is necessary to use a line of greater test strength than 12 or 15 pounds for ordinary casting, unless, of course, you are casting for musky, northern pike or pickerel. For general bass casting a 15-pound test line will more than fill the bill and at the same time keep your line down to a size that will make your casting far easier than with the heavier and more bulky line which piles up on your reel so quick that it fouls on the reel pillars and makes casting about as enjoyable as handling a towline on a tug.

DRY YOUR LINE AFTER FISHING

One of the simplest ways to put a good line out of the game is to let it dry on the reel; do this a few times, Buck, and your line is n. g., no matter what high quality goods you started with. When dried on a reel, only the top layers of the line really dry; the balance molds and rots so that it is in fine shape to break when you hook that big one. All of which points to the fact that you should reel out your line after each day's fishing, hang it between two convenient trees and let it dry out thoroughly before putting it to bed. Don't let it lie along the ground or dry out in the sun, and with the above care you will add 100 per cent to the life of any line.

Another way to put a good casting line on the hummer is to use it for trolling. No matter how many swivels you may have on your line while troll-

ing, it will become so twisted that casting with it will become a " world's series " of backlashes. When you think it's time to use a new line for casting, shoot the old one into the trolling department, and die happy casting the new one.

EASY TO WATERPROOF A LINE

To avoid soaking up too much water in your casting line, which makes it heavy, you can waterproof it by saturating it in a solution of vaseline and light oil, or three-in-one oil. You can apply the oil either by rubbing it into the line with a well-soaked cloth or apply it in bulk by heating the oil (not boiling) and soaking the entire line at once. If you oil the line while still on the original spool let it soak about 20 or 30 minutes; if you have the line wrapped loosely on a stick much shorter time, about ten minutes, will do the trick. In either case wipe off all the surplus oil. This will not only waterproof your line, but will make it pliant and flexible and the lubricant will reduce the friction on the guides, saving wear on the line and aid it in running smoothly and easily under the thumb.

Any way you take it, Old Chap, you gotta give the line some care if you expect it to do its part in the game of " holdin' and landin' " the finny tribe.

SPOONS AND SPINNERS

You wonder where the spoon gets its big drag with the fishermen; well, Old Top, for trolling and casting, the old reliable spoon probably is more generally used than any other kind of lure and you can check it up in your memory book that it often gets the fish when other lures fail to coax the big fins out of the wet.

Of course the spoon doesn't look like any natural bait, nor does it appear to the beginner as a particularly attractive feed for a hungry fish, but it does the one thing necessary in the fishing game, and that is, it attracts the fish. After you have had a spoon bent double by an over-zealous fish trying to inhale it, you will realize that it is sure some attracter.

ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERY OF SPOON

Way back in your A, B, C days, so piscatorial historians claim, an old sour-dough was washing his one spoon and plate after a repast of johnny-cake and bacon, when by accident the spoon flopped into the water and did a salome down to the bottom. As the spoon zig-zagged down through the water he noticed the quick, sharp flashes of light reflected from the bowl of the spoon, and at the same time a

lake trout getting the light flashes, made a lunge for the spoon, dulled his teeth on it, and then beat it. Thanks to the old "hard-panner" and his ability to assimilate an idea, we have the legion of spoon baits to-day. He rescued the spoon, cut off the bowl, bored a hole in each end, linked a hook in one end and a line in the other, and ate fish for supper that very night.

The changes that have been made in the old original spoon in shape, size and decorations, runs up into the hundreds. They are plain, fluted, grooved, hammered, corrugated, ribbed, and what-not, and as long as they spin around in the water they get the fish. You can get them in gold, silver, nickel, copper, brass or enamel and if you tried out the whole kit, you'd be busy the rest of the season without a layoff for grub.

GREAT STUFF FOR TROLLING

For trolling the spoon hook will hold its own any time. Bass, pickerel, pike and musky like to give it the once-over as it glides through the water, shooting its light shafts in all directions. It can be seen for quite a distance under water and can be used either with plain hooks or with a feathered or bucktailed treble hook. A single hook with a minnow, shiner, frog or pork rind works well with a spoon.

For bass, a No. 3 tandem Hildebrandt Slim Eli, or Standard shape, or a Skinner No. 3 Fluted Spoon

makes a selection that will help fill the stringer, while pickerel and musky require a larger sized spoon, say a No. 6 to 10, for a single spoon, and No. 6 for the tandem spinner.

For casting you will need a No. 3 single spoon which you can use without any other bait or with an eyed fly or natural baits. A strip of pork rind cut to the shape of a minnow and used with the No. 3 spoon makes a bait that is a sure enough "killer."

As long as you keep it moving in the water, a spoon will turn around and you have a chance to attract the fish, but letting it die a slow death, and merely come through the water without any action is a loss of time to you. It's the movement and the light shafts from the spoon that attract the fish, and it's up to you to keep the bait moving.

On a bright, sunny day in clear water, a copper spoon can be used with good results, while on a cloudy day, or when the water is rough, a brass or nickeled spoon makes the best lure. For fishing in dark waters, the Skinner white enameled spoon makes 'em sit up and take notice.

GOOD FOR TROUT FISHING, ALSO

On its way to glory the little old spoon has even been copped by the trout fisherman and on a dull day a small Colorado spinner can be seen better than the fly alone. Often when the trout fails to take the fly on the surface, they will give it the "close-

up " if sunk to the depth where they lie, with a spoon for a helper. Early in the season when the waters are high and roily as well as clouded with mud, the spinner is an asset to the trout fisherman.

For after-dark fishing, which is the time the big ones are generally on the still hunt for feed, the Pflueger-Tandem luminous spinner makes a good bait. This is also fine for moonlight trolling. The luminous spinner must be exposed to the sunlight before using at night, the same as the artificial plugs used for night fishing.

When all other lures fail you can generally count on getting the fish if you fall back on the spoon, either in trolling or casting, and your tackle box is not complete, Old Man, unless you are prepared for emergencies with a selection of single and tandem spoons and spinners in nickel, brass and copper. Just remember, however, to keep them well polished, and when you use them, keep 'em moving.

WOBBLERS, WIGGLERS AND PLUGS

They are with us by the hundreds and even thousands, the various-shaped wooden plugs, painted in every color in the deck and then a few extra cubist daubs thrown in for luck. And here's the funny part, old chap: they all seem to get the fish, more or less, according to the expertness of the manipulator of the rod.

Although the majority of the artificial baits do not resemble any natural bait — that is, not so you would notice it without first having read their pedigrees — yet for some inexplicable reason the fish strike them, and as they generally have hooks galore, even the beginner has no trouble in hooking his fish; in fact, many times the fish hooks himself. Of course you'll have to jot this down in your dream-book: "Hookin' 'em doesn't always mean landin' 'em."

WHAT MAKES 'EM DO IT?

Probably when a highly cultured bass sees one of these gloriously decorated affairs splash in his home grounds he up and makes a dash at it in anger at the rough-neck intrusion of the queer-looking object, or perhaps strikes it in pure cussedness, egged on

by the wonderful movements of the little demon in its wobble back to the caster.

How they ever dug the big bunch out of the woodpile and got away with it is the eighth wonder of the world. More power to 'em. What would a fellow do if he couldn't browse around among a bunch of new ones and select a few to take along on each trip and try them out on the unsuspecting fish? Every time you get a new selection you have a sneaking idea that you have perhaps at last found the "killer" you are always on the lookout for.

You can get them shaped like a minnow or fashioned after a chunk of pork and they are sometimes armed with a spinner fore and aft, while in the last few years plugs resembling nothing in particular have been put temptingly before the eyes of the fishermen and touted as the one best bet of the season. Some of them don't look like fish feed, but they have a little groove, flute or curve that makes them do a Turkish dance through the water that even an old-time "he bass" falls for.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

You never know what you can do with one of these dippy, diving, wobbling wonders 'till you try it and then all the advance dope and traditions of that particular bait may go to smash in one afternoon's fishing and new victories in an entirely different line of fishing be pegged up to its credit.

To illustrate this point, Old Man, at the opening of the season I took a flyer at bass. It had been cold and rainy, with high waters, and the bass were quiet and far-offish. My tackle box was decked out with a collection of lures guaranteed to make any bass nervous, jealous or fighting mad. The bass sure were off their feed, both in color and shape. Nothing seemed to coax them out of the wet. I snapped on a South Bend Bass-ereno bait, all white with a red head, and tried that as an enticer. Nothing doing with the bass, but I had as nice a piece of wall-eyed pike fishing as a fellow could find anywhere. Almost every cast brought a strike, and in the afternoon's casting this little old bass lure hooked 32 wall-eyed pike, all of which were thrown back in the drink except the larger ones and that left a stringer with the limit and none below two pounds, topped with a six and a half pounder. My fishing pal and guide had the same luck with a white Wilson Wobbler with red flutes, by which he swears like a pagan. They were sure off the bass, but on the pike.

THE COLORS THEY LIKE

As to color, the preference seems to be with white body and red head, followed by all red, all yellow, green back with white belly and rainbow, but what they take one day may be passed without a squint the next. However, with the above colors in your

tackle outfit you probably can please them any day.

The luminous-painted plug, which, if exposed to daylight or artificial light, glows like the dampened head of a match, makes an excellent bait for after sundown or moonlight casting. The fact that these baits float when in the water and not in motion makes them an ideal lure for the beginner, especially when he puts in a session with a little old backlash. He knows his bait is floating instead of snagging, which was the habit of the "daddy" of this kind of plug, the old underwater sinker that found more snags and hook holds than a fellow thought could exist in well regulated fishing waters.

LURES THAT MAKE 'EM STRIKE

For a selection of lively artificials, the Jamison Coaxer, which is a cross between a chunk of pork and a humming bird, makes a good one to start with; the Heddon's Baby Crab Wiggler gives all the moves of a crawfish going home to its mother and that sure is pie for the bass. The Wilson Fluted Wobbler South Bend Bass-ereno and Rush Tango Minnow, all with white body and red heads, give you a bunch of dives, dips and crawls that are hard to beat. The Pflueger-Surprise minnow, Apex Bull-nose and the Jim Dandy plug have the motion of a crippled minnow, easy feed for a hungry fish.

With these baits in your tackle box, and any others

that tickle your fancy, you ought to be able to slip one over on the unsuspecting fish and at the same time have a lot of fun watching them do their dance in the water.

NIGHT BAIT-CASTING

Nearly every fisherman develops a case of buck fever, or "nerves," when he lands his first musky, especially if the musky be a large-sized one. While fishing last summer with a pal who had never landed a musky, but who had brought many bass to net, he hooked his first musky, played him coolly and with skill until the musky broke water close up to the boat, and then when he lamped the size of the fish and the sardonic smile wrinkling the old villain's mouth, which had an enormous spread, this old-time basser went to pieces with as nice a case of "nerves" as you'll find in a day's paddle.

The old scout's sole desire was to derrick that musky right into the boat. He had an awful nightmare that this great, big whopper would get away, and I had to beg and entreat him to give and take line with the whims of the musky and use his wonderful skill in playing the fish. After the "shot of grace" ended the fight, my pal said he had an unconquerable desire to yank that musky in by main force and an overwhelming fear that he would get away. At the same time he was shaking like a horse with the heaves, and the beads of cold perspiration were oozing out on his fevered brow.

FULL OF THRILLS

And this only leads up to what you may expect to experience, Old Man, when you hook your first bass in the dead of night. Not a moonlight night, mind you, but a simon pure pitch-dark affair, when the big "he-whops" are flopping around making a night of it and feeding to their hearts' content. If you don't discover on your first night-fishing expedition that you have an entirely unknown set of nerves with a bunch of jumps and thrills that you have never experienced before, you are of a different make-up from the ordinary old scout who follows the gladsome call of the lakes and streams.

There is a fascination about night fishing that can be found in no other angle of the game, and once you have "set in" you will make it part of each fishing trip to have a few sessions with the big fins that stay up all night.

STURDY TACKLE NECESSARY

For night fishing you will of course use your steel rod, for the reason that it is built for sturdier work than the split-bamboo, and you never can tell what you are going to run up against in a night foray. For instance — a musky. What luck to hook one of these boys and have him dish up his tailful of tricks while you have your hands wrapped around a

rod that has the weight and stiffness to help bring him to gaff!

For even the most experienced caster to go on a night casting jaunt with the ordinary reel is sure a gambling chance. Backlashes fall to the lot of the cleverest thumber and one of them at night comes under the head of what old General Sherman called war. To avoid this, tote along a little old antibacklash reel, for if there ever was a place for the self-thumber, it is in night-fishing. A level winding attachment also comes in handy, as spooling the line evenly in the dark is some trick without one. A level winding reel runs a close second to the self-thumber for night work, and the advantage of the self-thumber is so slight that a choice of the two merely depends on which you happen to have in your kit. A reel with the combination of the two is a sure-fire winner in the dark.

BE SURE OF YOUR LINE

For the line, the number five or six, soft braided silk, same as used for ordinary casting, is right. The heavier line is better as the added strength may come in handy and the casts are all short ones at night, which will keep the little extra weight from being noticed. Be sure your line tests out strong before the trip, as the work of landing your fish will be rougher than in the daylight, owing to the handi-

cap in the sight line, and you have to take some chances in giving the butt and holding back that you wouldn't find necessary if you could follow the fish with your eyes.

As to lures, make a selection of all white and luminous, selecting only floaters and semi-surface plugs. The under-water plug is taboo and has no place in the night-kit. Weedless hooks on your plugs will save you an endless amount of trouble, and although you may not hook every strike, you eliminate the hooking of villainous weeds, snags and windfalls, and of these you will find millions you never met before, in a night's fishing. The luminous plug, which glows at night after being exposed to the sun during the day, has the added advantage of being easily located on the water by the caster besides making a more inviting bait for the bass.

DON'T RUSH THE CAST

In night fishing, about the most important thing is to be acquainted with the bay, cove or stretch of water you intend to fish. Look it over well before the actual fishing and locate the weeds, windfalls and snags. Pick out the spot where you intend to fish and anchor in a position that will give you casting water on three sides. Slip the old boat into this berth a little before sunset, as quietly as possible, and drop the anchor. After the sun's glow has left the sky and the dark gathers around, you will be

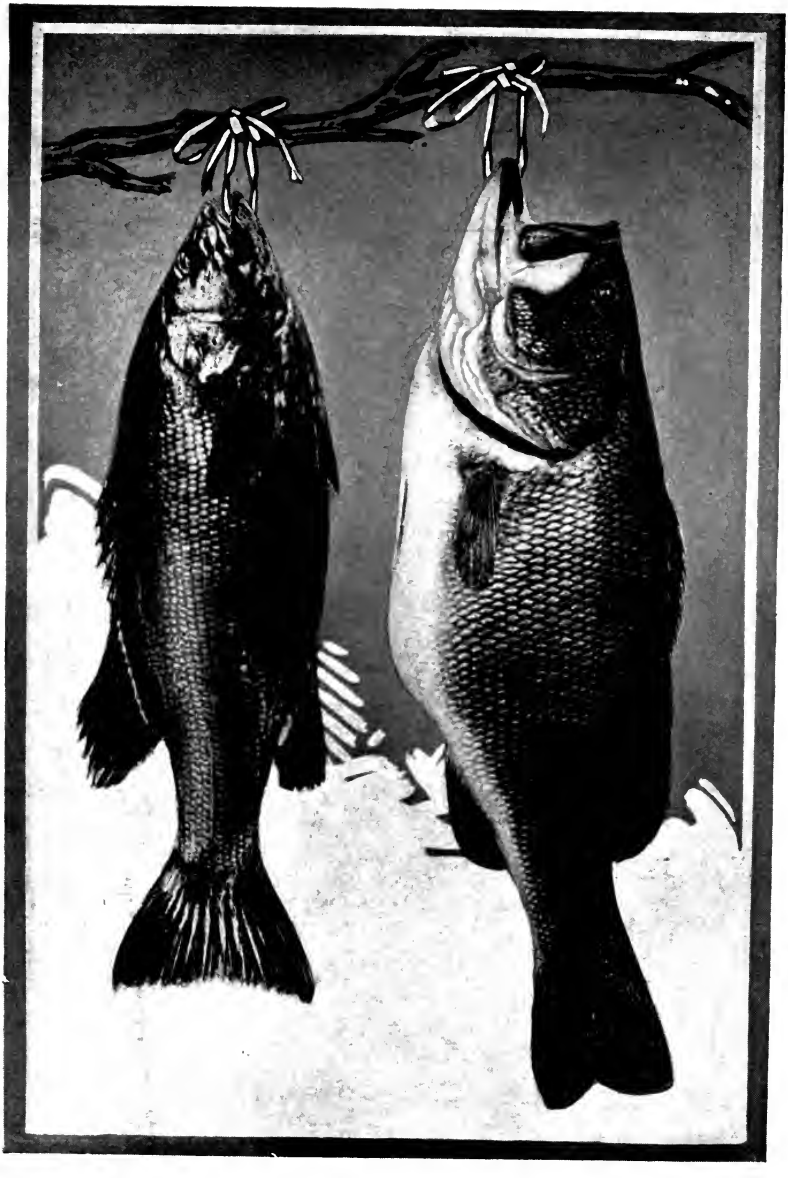
shocked into alertness by the first splash off to the right as one of the big fellows does an "Annette Kellerman" after a fleeing minnow. Don't rush the cast, but take a little time and swing it out in the direction of the splash, and don't be afraid to let the plug make a splash as it strikes the water. Before you land the first one, they'll be flopping all around, and your night's work is cut out for you.

ON THE HOME LIFE OF THE BASS

Every one needs a little info on the habits and home life of the black bass and when and where to find him. The bass, both large and small-mouthed, is a roamer, a lively, active hunter for the best place to gorge himself on the choice minnows, crawfish and helgramite with a dessert from the surface of the water of moths, flies and frogs. He is a great little traveler, and soon becomes big chief of the waters in which he lives. With such a varied menu, you will find him ever ready for a fight, equally eager for fly-hook, trolling-spoon, live bait or plug and right on the job to put up a struggle that will test your skill. You can fish for him night or day, as he is a 24-hour feeder, but early morning and late afternoon is the surest time to get him right. He is an active rogue and continually rising from the bottom to the surface, at times jumping above the water in pursuit of his feed. He changes his home and feeding ground as the season passes. In the spring he is found in the shallow water in the streams and rivers, below rapids and riffles, and as the water warms up he moves to the deep pools lying alongside of windfalls and logs, rocky ledges and weedy spots. During the hot summer he migrates to greater depths where the water is cool. Likewise

At left, small-mouth black bass, weight 5 lbs. 15 oz., length 22 inches, girth 17 inches, landed by Albert Jay Cook of Pittsburg, Penna. This bass was taken from the cold waters of Black Lake, McNaughton, Wisconsin, during a snowstorm and it put up a snappy fight for freedom. The lure used was a Pflueger-Surprise Minnow, perch colored body.

At right, large-mouth black bass, weight 7 pounds, length 23½ inches, girth 16 inches, landed by Winfield S. Matteson, Shelbyville, Michigan. This bass was taken from the waters of Miller Lake, Michigan, on a very hot July day and the lure used was a live shiner.



in the lakes, the bass are "at home," in the spring, in the shallowest places, lying off of the sand bars and gravel formation and you can count on a good catch close inshore in the very low water. A little later, when the weeds, lilies and reeds are well grown, you will find him in the vicinity of those plants. Both the large and small-mouthed bass are often found in the same lakes, but in different localities. The small-mouth favors the stony bars or shoals varying in depth from two to forty or fifty feet, while the large-mouth prefers the weeds and muddy bottoms.

EAST WIND NOT SO BAD

Weather conditions have been blamed since the time of Noah for an empty stringer or creel. Rainy days, pleasant days, all kinds of winds, and especially an east wind, have been cussed as the cause of "fisherman's luck." Remember this: the bass keeps on filling the feed-bag just the same, and an east wind is better than no wind at all. You will get more bass when the surface of the water is slightly ruffled by a breeze than when fishing on a clear still day. Last year, at the middle of the season in Wisconsin, a pal and I landed 19 fine large-mouth bass from a little bay in something less than an hour, one of us casting while the other held the boat off shore. There was quite a stiff east wind blowing and the surface of the water was broken by a con-

tinuous roll of small waves. The bass ranged from two and one-half to five pounds and were caught between six and seven o'clock, after we had fished all day with very poor luck. These fish were caught with a white Wilson wobbler, with a red head, and a Jamison Coaxer plug. This only goes to show that the east wind has been given the ten-count without a chance at defense.

BASS HAVE KEEN SIGHT

While playing the game, don't for a minute forget that a bass has eyes — and he sure knows how to use them. Once he lamps you, your bait or lures are not for him, and he has moved to other quarters. Don't stand in the boat and open up with a personally conducted sight-seeing tour before you cast. The bass also hears, and often you will think that he is exceptionally keen in both of these senses. While in a boat, bear in mind that sound vibrations carry farther in the water than you cast, and underwater sounds mean a frightened fish. Save useless casts in a pool from which the fish have vamoosed, and don't telegraph the bass before inviting him to come in out of the wet.

A bass will always gorge his food, although there is quite a difference in his mouthing of baits. If you are fishing with live bait, a minnow, crawfish or frog, he will strike without much force and will mull the bait around in his mouth a bit before swallowing

it; in fact, with a live minnow he will turn it around in his mouth and swallow it headfirst. In this case don't strike him too quickly, but give him a little time to play the bait before striking. A bass handles a live bait somewhat like the play of a cat with a mouse it has caught. Many a time I have torn a minnow in half through striking too soon, having the pleasure of baiting again instead of landing the bass that had a half hold on my bait. If you are using a wooden minnow or plug, however, strike quickly right after the bass strikes, as he immediately discovers that it is not a choice morsel of food and disconnects.

STUDY THE PLACE YOU FISH

Any nice pleasant day that you would enjoy on the water makes a good day for bass fishing. The big thing is to locate the spots where the fish are likely to be, at the particular time you are fishing, and to try out the bait or lure that pleases his fancy at that time. What he rises to one day may be disdainfully ignored the next. You simply must study each location and condition. If you have only a week-end trip, you naturally desire to get as much actual fishing as possible, and you will find that you will save time and get more fish by " talking it over " with someone who is acquainted with the waters you intend to fish, or better still, secure a guide if possible.

FLY-CASTING TACKLE FOR THE BEGINNER

You want to get into the fly-casting game, but feel that the price of an outfit is high. That all depends, Old Man, on how you go about it. You have heard so much about rods at $25 to $50 and so on, that it makes you feel sick when you think of practicing on such high priced tackle. You expect to give the tackle some hard knocks before you get the hang of the sport and you see your bankroll with a healthy case of shrinkage during the operation.

For a starter there is no need of going deeper into the mint for an outfit than say $15 to $18, and if you do feel like playing her a little higher, $25 makes a limit, and at that you can get a good serviceable outfit that will take you through the season and give you a working practice that will make you a " stay-for-sure " fly-caster.

SELECT ROD WITH CARE

Of course every fellow wants as fine an outfit as he can select after he's in the game and has the rough edges worn off. A rod should have the same consideration that one gives to the selection of a shotgun or rifle. It takes the same place in the fishing kit that the gun does in the hunting layout. A fellow pays a good price for a gun, selecting the best

he can get and being mighty particular about the drop, the bore and all details, because he depends on his gun to stand him well at the right moment. Therefore as the rod holds the same value to the fisherman, the care in selection and the money put into it covers a big vital point in the outfit.

However, for a starter we can select a well made and serviceable line of tackle at a very moderate cost. Here is an outfit, from which a selection can be made at either end, as to price, and it will cover tackle good enough for any beginner. You can buy the $5 rod or the $10 one or go anywhere between, and you will get good value as far as service goes.

OUTFIT FOR THE BEGINNER

Fly rod of split bamboo or steel, $5 to $10.
Reel, single action, click, $1 to $5.
Enameled waterproof silk line, $1.50.
Half dozen 6-foot gut leaders, $1.25.
Two dozen artificial flies, about eight patterns, $3.
Fly book, $1.50.
Wicker creel or basket, $2.
Landing net (folding), $1.25.
Leader box, 25c.

From this list, Buck, you will see that you can go as low as $16.75 or as high as $25.75. Anyway you figure it, you will get an outfit that will be serviceable and good enough for you to get the swing of fly-casting. And at that, Old Man, you will be using

some of this stuff more than one season. Outside of adding perhaps a rod and a few flies the next season, the other tackle will carry through with ease.

In selecting your rod, make it 9 to 9½ foot in length, 6 ounce weight, three-piece with extra tip, snake guides, German silver ferrules and solid metal reel seat. The rod when put together should turn around in the hand with exactly the same droop all around. It should show an even curve without lopping over to one side and have plenty of action when you whip or bend it.

The line should be enameled waterproof silk, level braided size E. Here you can go a little deeper if you wish and get a double tapered line, which being lighter at the ends makes less friction in going through the guides and enables you to shoot out the line for greater distance in your casts; however, a level braided line will answer the purpose.

The reel is not as important in fly-casting as in bait-casting, as it is merely used to store surplus line. The featherweight, 60-yard size, weighing 3 ounces, makes a good all round reel, while the automatics are coming into use to a greater extent each season.

FLIES YOU SWEAR BY

As to the selection of flies, each fisherman has his own particular pets and no doubt you will load up on all kinds of feathery fancies, until in time you pick out about half a dozen that you swear by.

Every other fellow in the game does that very thing and if you develop into a real bug, you'll have your "killers" as sure as shootin'. Whip a stream for a few hours, trying every fly in your kit without a rise, when the fish are "off," and then pick a fly at the windup when they happen to be "on," and get a well filled creel, and you will play that fly clean across the board, until the same thing happens over again with another fly. One well known fisherman who carries in his kit an assortment of about a dozen flies, admits that in the past five years he has seldom used more than three flies — and he is some fisherman at that, not the porch variety.

FLIES FOR THE BEGINNER

For the eight patterns to go with the above outfit let it be Coachman, Professor, Queen of Waters, Cow Dung, Brown Hackle, Silver Doctor, McGinty and Emerson Hough Buck-tail. This last named fly is a new one to most trout fisherman, but it sure is a killer. It isn't a very fancy looking cuss, just an ordinary sort of a fly that doesn't shine up alongside of the dainty looking feathery affairs, but to those who have used it, it holds the first place in their fly book, because it is certainly some creel filler.

With the above tackle, Old Scout, you can have many pleasant days on the trout streams and feel that you are learning a game that has greater attractions every time you play it.

ON LEARNING FLY-CASTING

It's some jump from bait-casting with artificial plugs to fly-casting with the light, feathery imitations that coax the gamy fighters out of the waters, but you can make it easy enough, Old Man, by doing a stretch of " dry water " practice work on the back lawn. To the ordinary bait-caster who has accustomed himself to the stiffer, short rod, fly-casting with the nine or ten foot rod, weighing from five to six and a quarter ounces, seems like the impossible. Many are the yarns he has heard about the " fine art of fishing "— fly-casting; much has been written about the " science " of this end of the game, in fact, the average every-now-and-then, week-end fisherman who has become proficient in bait-casting has been scared to a fare-you-well at the thought of learning to toss the light flies and he has stuck to bait-casting as the " safety-first " of fishing, thereby missing many pleasant hours whipping streams.

PRACTICE MAKES A FLY-CASTER

Coming right down to rocks, you can learn fly-casting by a little practice with the right tackle. Of course, you must not get the bug in your tackle-box that this practice makes you an expert fly-fisherman,

but it gives you a start at an angle of the game to which you will become a regular member as soon as you have whipped a stream or two. You can learn the action of fly-casting quite easily, and practice will make you in a short time a good fly-caster, but there is nothing whatever that will enable you to bring home a well filled creel, except a study of fish and the streams you fish, and the exercise of care and alertness of mind while after the game fish that rise to the fly.

You can whip a stream all day with any variety or selection of flies without creeling a fish, if you don't know the habits and loafing places of the fish and how to cast without scaring them to death.

TACKLE NECESSARY TO START

Probably the best all round fly rod for all except the smallest of mountain brooks, is a split-bamboo from nine to ten feet, weighing from five to six ounces. My preference is the nine and a half footer for general casting, with 25 yards of waterproof enameled silk line, size E or F, according to the weight of the rod; E for the heavier and F for the lighter one. An ordinary single action click reel of 100 yards capacity is necessary. Don't bother with a leader for the lawn practice but save it for the real fishing, although you can tie a very small piece of white string on the end of the line to locate the end easily and so note the distance from your target.

TRYING OUT THE CAST

Peg down a newspaper or small cloth on the lawn, take a position facing it, say 25 feet away, place the reel on the underside of the rod with the handle to the right and keep it there at all times. Grasp the rod in the right hand, reel under, with the thumb straight along the top of the grip — never curved around the grip. Cast out about ten feet of line letting it fall in front of you on a line with the target and with the left hand unreel about fifteen feet of line — do not pass this line through the guides and out the tip, but let it drop to the ground at your feet, retaining a hold on the line about a foot this side of the first guide. Now point your rod at the target, keeping your arm as far as the elbow close to the body (this is essential, because the forearm and wrist must do the work) swing the rod up to a vertical position, slowly at first, taking up loose line, and end with a strong, quick wrist and forearm motion. This throws the line in the air and the swing of the rod carries it back over the shoulder, but be sure to stop the cast when the thumb along the grip shows that the rod is vertical; more casts are killed by too much of a swing over the shoulder than any other way. This is the first half of the cast and is called the back cast. This cast causes the line to fly out behind you and the instant you feel the slightest tug on the rod you know that the line has straightened

out behind and at this point you should start the forward cast. Make the forward cast by beginning it with an easy swing, putting the steam on at the wind-up, and stopping the cast with a snap when parallel with the ground.

BIG POINTS TO REMEMBER

The main points to watch are: Make the back cast forcibly. Not to swing the rod back too far on the back cast (keeping it at vertical rather than back farther) to start the forward cast at the slightest pull of the line, to start forward cast mildly, finish it strong, and not to lower the rod too near the water at the wind up.

To prevent the fly from landing with a splash, cast at a point in the air about a yard above the target, and to make it fall lightly on the water, raise the tip of the rod gently just before the fly lights. If you wait too long before making the forward cast the line will drop behind you and go dead, and to make a successful cast the line must be alive and in motion from the first rise of the rod to the drop of the fly. If you start the forward cast before the line straightens out behind, indicated by the tug on the rod, you will likely snap off the flies. If you have failed to reach the target, go through the same operation of casts again, drawing a few yards more of line off the reel. In fly fishing it is well to fish the near waters first, increasing the distance with

each cast. Outside of having some fly-caster coach you there is no way to learn the game, except to keep at it until you have trained the wrist to do the work through the eye and the rod.

HIS MAJESTY THE BROOK TROUT

Without a doubt, I feel like tacking the blue ribbon on the brook trout for being the wisest, liveliest and gamest of the fresh-water fish. For downright nerve and fight he is in a class by himself and he carries more tricks in his tail than any other fish. He is truly an American and of a sturdy type that can forage a living in any stream or spring-fed lake that is cool. Although he does not grow as large as his cousin, the rainbow trout from the West, or his foreign relative, the brown, or German trout, for his small size and weight he puts up the keenest fight of the trout family.

The trout is trim-built, with graceful lines, and his constant battle with swift currents makes him a strong, husky youngster. As a general thing he is found in the small flowing streams where the water is cold and fresh, while the rainbow and brown trout can thrive in warmer and deeper streams as well as lakes. As a rule I have found the rainbow and brown trout in the roily waters below falls, in the swift rapids, and the brook trout in the quieter pools, especially those with grassy beds. The trout is a rapacious feeder, and takes his food from the sur-

face, in midwater and at the bottom; he is, however, mostly a surface feeder and dotes on flies, grasshoppers, insects, worms, small minnows, and even small frogs.

TROUT HAS KEEN SIGHT

Undoubtedly, he has the keenest sight of any fish, and evidently he watches his prey before it strikes the water, as he will close his jaws on a fly the instant it hits the water, often leaping up and catching it on the wing. It's a pretty good guess that he watches the flies or insects as they fly over the water, and this same sight makes it necessary for the rod wielder to match his wits against those of Mr. B. Trout.

Trout are caught with artificial flies, grasshoppers, worms, minnows, crickets, grubs and almost any small insects that are found along streams, and also with very small spoons. When fishing with a fly it should be kept in motion, imitating as nearly as possible the movements of a fly that has dropped on the surface and is struggling to rise again. This can be accomplished by a slight broken twitching of the wrist. When a trout takes the fly, strike quickly, but not with a heavy jerk, as only a slight move of the wrist is necessary. In taking a fly he snaps his jaws together over the fly, but is quick to throw out the artificial feathery substitute for a square meal.

LOT DEPENDS ON ROD WORK

The sport begins with a rush right after you hook your fish, and you sure have to work your gray matter before you can creel a trout. He seems to know every rift, rooted hold, snag or windfall in the stream, and you've got to keep your mind on the game to keep him from reaching cover, which means a lost fish and a snagged line. Let your rod do most of the work — that's what a good fly rod is for — keep your line tight, and at no time give any slack, as the trout may not be securely hooked and a slack line gives him a chance to cough out the fly. You will find the trout is more quickly landed if worked downstream, especially with a large fish, as the current is in your favor. Keep the rod well up and the line shortened, as a short line gives better control over the fish, and you need every extra bit of advantage, because the sole object of the trout is to get away, and at that game he is some little getter.

FISH UP AND DOWN STREAM

If you are fishing a slow-running stream it is best to fish upstream, and on swift-running streams fish down, making it a point to walk around pools and fish them from the lower end up to the head. In fishing upstream the fly comes quickly down with the current; this can be slowed up by casting diagonally up and across. In fishing a riffles or broken water

cast from below, as the trout heads upstream in swift waters and is not as likely to lamp you. In fishing a very small stream, where casting is practically impossible owing to the brush, the flies can be guided twenty to thirty feet ahead by the rod and run into every likely spot and nook, as the current and rod do the work, taking the fly around rocks and eddies, where the fish lie awaiting the natural flies and insects as they float downstream.

TROUT GORGE ANGLEWORMS

Early in the season the common angleworm is considered a delicacy by the trout and if this bait is floated downstream under a shelving bank or around a log, which makes an ideal hiding place for trout, it's a twenty-to-one shot that another fish will be added to the creel. Hook the worm so that the entire hook is covered, using a No. 6 or 8 snelled hook. Always fish downstream with worms, as the natural action of the current carries the worms down stream. Let the bait float from about thirty feet above the spot where you anticipate the trout are lying and throw in the shut-off on all noise.

Do not try to exceed the speed limit, but fish every pool as you go along. Many fish are missed through hurrying along and fishing only the most likely holes. The careful fisherman brings home the best creel, and care with a cap " C " is the big thing in fishing for the crafty, gamy trout.

RAINBOWS AND BROWNS

When it comes to trouting, Old Timer, the little old native brook trout holds a warmer place in the heart of the average fly tosser than either the rainbow or the brown, but as a general thing these last named fins grow to a huskier size than the brook trout and with the added weight and the regular trout instinct they put up as fancy a fight as any angler could wish for. And they have one little trick that the brook trout seldom, if ever, pulls and that is the leaping out of the water on a slack line, just about the same kind of a leap as the bass and particularly the brown trout pulls, the same all-body shake of the bronze backer. For that one little old trick we gotta give 'em credit, it's the snappy unexpected leap out of the water that puts the pep into the sport and makes the fisherman keep his mind, eye and hands in the game.

BROWNIE A HARDY FISH

The brown trout is a hardier fish than the brook trout and for that reason has been stocked in streams that have become too sluggish and warm for the brook. This change in temperature of the waters is due to the cutting out of timber and in many streams the waters have warmed up to such an extent that the native trout have passed to the happy

fishing waters. Many streams of this character if stocked with the brown brothers would in a short time make fishing in them sport of the highest class. The brown trout is a killer and the fact that he has been planted in streams in which the native brook trout held domain, and then routed this little sport out of his home waters has in a way given him a bad name with some of the frat, but plant him in waters that have been deserted by the brook and you will be surprised at his rapid growth and the amount of kick he develops in his tail in a few years. He tacks on weight like an off-season ball player, running up a score of about a pound a year, which sizes him up well in a short time.

While the larger brown boys are generally found in the deeper water and the pools, which is often the hiding place of the larger brook trout, the smaller fins of the tribe weighing around the one- to three-pound limit are found in the swifter and more broken waters, especially in the waters cut up by rocks and bowlders. In this white water he is nearly always found on the upper side of the bowlders, keenly on the lookout for the food as it comes down stream.

STRIKES WITH GREAT FORCE

Although the brown trout is not as speedy in his fight as the native brook trout, he takes to the artificial fly with a drive that sure has some punch and it is often unnecessary to strike him, for the simple

reason that he has hooked himself in his energetic wallop at the feathery fancy tossed to him. And when he is hooked, Old Scout, he puts up a fight right up to the net and then some. He makes a long steady fight and often when brought to net will start out on another round just when you think you have him " heading " in.

On water that is not too broken or swift give him a try-out with the dry-fly, especially in fishing the pools and deeper water. In the fast white water the wet-fly fishing will be found more effective; in fact, it is almost an impossibility to really fish an entirely dry-fly on such waters, and you'll save time and cussin' by starting in with the wet riggin'.

The rainbow trout, like the brown, feels entirely at home in the warmer waters of the streams that have been passed up by the brook trout, and he dotes on minnows and the insects he can forage from the surface. To him, a grasshopper is a dainty morsel and many of the big ones have been tricked into the creel by the wise angler who hooks on a lively hopper and casts it the same as a feathery fly, letting it float with the current in a natural manner and not trying to liven it up with a bunch of jerks in an effort to fool the wise old fellows.

RAINBOW A SPEEDY FIGHTER

The rainbow carries more speed in his make-up than the brown trout, making a faster fight in every

way; fact is, his battle with the fly resembles the fight of the native brook trout far more than that of the brown boys. About the first thing he does when hooked is to go up into the air, both figuratively and leapingly speaking, and his leap is a thing of beauty, way up out of the water, generally, and at this point of the game many of them depart to other waters, having passed up the fly on the way.

The rainbow is a voracious cuss and speedier to accept an invitation to strike than either the brown or native trout, whether you offer him the fly, minnow, spinner or the small rubber artificial minnows. Early in the season the worm, scorned by many fishermen as the " garden hackle," makes 'em sit up on their tail and take notice, although later the flies and minnows are the most attractive lures. The fellow who usually howls with horror when you mention worms in the same breath with trout, is generally the cherub who sneaks out alone with a nice bait-can full of the wigglers and proceeds to play a little solitaire on the stream. In the early season the worm with the usual light trouting tackle is no kid's bait for trout; many a sure-enough fisherman finds it necessary to play the game with his utmost skill and knowledge of the trout to coax 'em into the creel even on worms.

In a selection of flies for the rainbow and brown trout, the usual flies used for the native brook are effective, playing up strong on the hackles, making

it a point to include a March Brown and a McGinty. The tackle for the big fellows can be a bit stronger than that for the brook trout and still be in the light tackle class, say a ten-foot, six-ounce fly-rod and a strong leader for the fight with the husky boys in the swift waters, or the old grand-daddy of the deep pool.

FLY-CASTING FOR BASS

Going after the husky bass with the light fly rod is sure the right system of fishing, if you have a desire to cultivate the tingling nerves and the thumping pulse. Nothing in the game will give you more thrills than to have a two- or three-pound bass take the feathers and then try to shake 'em loose — that is, of course, if you are handling the working end of the rod. And if this old bass is a stream-raised fellow, he will give you more fight than any other fish, weight for weight.

A knowledge of the waters to be fished and an understanding of the haunts and habits of the bass are more essential when fishing for him with the fly than in any other angle of the sport. Casting for the bass in the deep waters when he is in the shallows will simply give you practice; you must know the time of year when he haunts the deep pools, and when he is found in the shallows, and this working knowledge only comes from study and observation.

STREAM FISHING SOME SPORT

Wading a stream and whipping the water in a semicircle as you go along is far more enjoyable than lake fly-casting, and at the same time a stream that

can be waded makes about the best kind of bass water for the use of the fly. The shallow pools above and below riffles or rapids is a likely spot for the hungry bass as well as the eddies along the sides of rapids. Cast into the swirl of water as it passes around a bowlder, and off the edge of the windfalls, logs and brush heaps, all of which locations are generally the loafing place of a fine old bass.

In lake fishing with the fly the bright, sunny day is not for you. The bass rise to the fly particularly on a day when the surface is broken by a slight breeze, and the best time for casting is in the early morning and late in the evening. From sunset to dark is the best time when the day has been bright — in fact, most any day. On the lake cast your fly inshore on the bars and shallows or ledges and off the edges of lily pads, rushes and weed beds, as well as alongside the half-submerged logs and windfalls along shore. The fly should be allowed to sink considerably and a slightly jerky crawl given to it when working in the line. This is done to fool the bass into believing the object of the fly-maker's art is a struggling insect trying to get out of the wet. Whether it fools 'em or not is something I don't know, but I think they strike it out of curiosity more than anything else. I have seen the greenest beginner take a whirl at tossing the feathery morsels and by using care and judgment in the approach, land some fine bass, although at the time he did not know what motions the fly

was taking at any one time. But he did know and realize that the bass is a wise old bird and that you have to go at him on the gumshoe order if you expect to land him on a fly.

BETTER TO FISH DOWNSTREAM

On a stream it is preferable to fish downstream, as the bass lie with the head upstream, and with the current carrying your fly on its natural course the bass have more chance to see it and thus become a possible candidate for the creel. Then again, it is far easier to wade downstream than it is to go up.

For dark days and early evening use light-colored flies, and for the bright days the darker flies. Smaller flies of a subdued color tied on a No. 6 or 7 hook is right for low, clear water on a bright day, while for after sunset and moonlight casting the gray, white and brown flies tied on a larger hook, a No. 2 or 4 size, are more likely to attract the fish than the smaller ones. For rough and turbid water the brightly colored feathers are best. In selecting your flies don't overlook the black, brown and gray hackles; you will often find that the old reliable hackles will bring a rise after you have tried every other combination in your fly book.

THE FLIES YOU USE

Nearly every fellow that whips the light fly rod has his own particular selection of flies, and by these

he swears like a pagan; however, for the beginner the following selection, besides the hackles, will give a fairly varied assortment that will pass muster until he creels the first fish, and the fly used at that time will no doubt be given the place of honor in his pet list. I have found these flies creel fillers: Queen of the Waters, Lord Baltimore, Montreal, Grizzly King, Coachman, Professor, Red Ibis, Seth Green, White Miller, King of the Water, Ferguson, McGinty, Emerson Hough, Silver Doctor and Parmanchee Belle. Here are flies of enough variety in color for all kinds of water and as you make up your own list you will find that many of the above will be retained, as they have made good from the start with many fishermen.

KEEP OUT OF SIGHT

One of the essentials in bassing with the fly is to keep out of sight of the fish as much as possible. The bass is every bit as scary as the trout, although once he sees you he will not dart away and disappear like the trout, but will dash off a little distance and stop, facing you. However, don't waste time trying to make him take your fly, because he has a case of " nerves " and you can cast it right over his nose and he merely gives it a disinterested glance. On the small bass streams keep entirely out of sight and on the wider waters make a long cast; the finer the water, the more caution and the longer the cast. On

casting from the shore it is well to be screened by bushes or any natural formation. Wading is the best method, however, as the nearer you are to the water the less chance the fish have of seeing you, and even at that you should be as quiet as possible and make it a point to avoid quick or sudden moves.

Cast your flies as lightly as possible, avoid letting them land with a splash by slightly raising the tip of the rod just before they touch the water, and let the current help you by allowing the flies to run with it.

ON FISHING THE DRY-FLY

Without a doubt, Old Scout, learning to cast the dry or floating fly is the post-graduate study in the fine art of fishing and there is more real enjoyment in coaxing the wise old trout into the creel by this method than any other angle of the sport. All the knowledge you have gained through study of the habits of the trout in your wet-fly casting will stand you well as a beginner at this end of the game.

Dry-fly casting comes to us from England, where it is practiced to a finish, and as the sport has been adopted here, changes have been made in the manner of using the dry-fly, occasioned by the difference in the streams of this country and England. In that country it is the custom to cast to a rising trout, or at a point where a trout is expected to rise, and on the placid, slow, smooth-running waters of England this can be done with success, while over here the swifter running waters in which we find the wiley trout are not so adaptable for casting to the rise. The dry-fly caster generally fishes all the water, as in wet-fly casting. In fact, in fishing a stream the quieter pools and stretches can be worked with the dry-fly, and the more broken and white water given over to the wet-fly. In this way a stream can be

whipped with more success and pleasure than by either one of the methods alone.

ALL KINDS OF WATER

Most of our trout fishing is on streams in the woods or wilderness where the waters alternate between rapids and smooth spots, waterfall and deep pool, shallows or riffles, and one could follow a stream all day without lamping a trout on the rise for food, so that if he were fishing in the orthodox English way, bacon fried to a crisp would about make up his evening meal. This accounts for the fact that we have changed the dope a bit and fish the dry-fly more as a floating fly without the added effort of tossing the feathers into the mouth of the waiting trout and tickling him to death.

On a very civilized stream that has been fished to a fare-you-well by all manner of fishermen, where the trout have wised up to tricks of the game, the dry-fly will get a rise when the wet-fly would merely cause a wink of the weather eye.

In casting the dry-fly the fisherman works upstream, casting slightly across the current, so that the floating fly will ride down with the current, and a very essential detail is to cast lightly and accurately, while it is not necessary to cast as long a line as in wet-fly casting. The whole game is to have the fly float down as naturally as possible, and it requires considerable skill in the handling of the rod and the

reeling in of slack to keep the fly from being pulled under the water by the weight of a slack line or through some other rough work of the caster.

HORIZONTAL CAST THE BEST

Wherever possible, the horizontal cast should be used in preference to the overhead cast, as the fly is more likely to land right side up with the wings cocked. While more accuracy and distance are obtained by the overhead cast, these things are not as essential in dry-fly casting as having the fly ride the water in a natural manner. As a general thing the fly lights on the water on its side when the overhead cast is used, and although a trout will rise to a floating fly in this position, the chances are greater for a rise when the fly lies on the water in the position naturally taken by a live insect with its wings fluttering above the water in its effort to rise from the surface.

In casting a smooth stretch of water there is little if any drag of the line, and the fly will float in an upright position if cast skillfully in the first place.

In the early season, when the water is high and discolored by flooded conditions, the trout are bottom or midwater feeding, and at this time the dry-fly is of little use on the streams. As soon as the air warms up a bit and the insect life has developed on the streams and the water clears, with the temperature rising steadily, the floating fly is a sure winner.

From the middle of May to the end of the season the conditions grow more favorable to the dry-fly, and on low, clear water at the tail end of the season it is by far the most effective lure.

On any water that is not broken by rapids or riffles, the dry-fly can be used to advantage, and even on waters that are swift and rapid it will be found effective.

STUDY AND SKILL NECESSARY

One of the main points in casting the dry-fly is to study the currents, as one of the greatest little old jinks to the successful use of the dry-fly is the drag caused by the fly falling on water moving at a speed different from that of the water on which the line falls. Select your casting position where the fly and line will light on water of the same speed, so that the fly will not be drowned by the drag of the line. Another point that will make your dry-fly work better at the start is to avoid raising the tip of the rod as the fly falls on the water, and this is a small point that the wet-fly fisherman has a tendency to overlook through habit acquired in casting the wet feathers. To raise the rod at this time will pull the dry-fly under water. At the same time the beginner should never strip in the line until the fly has started downstream with the current. If you find it necessary to cast on waters of different speed to the current, cast a slack line, and if the fly lights on water moving

slower than that on which the line rests there will be no drag on the fly until the slack line has floated downstream. Make a study of the stream and the trout and use all your skill and you will find much pleasure in floating the dry-fly.

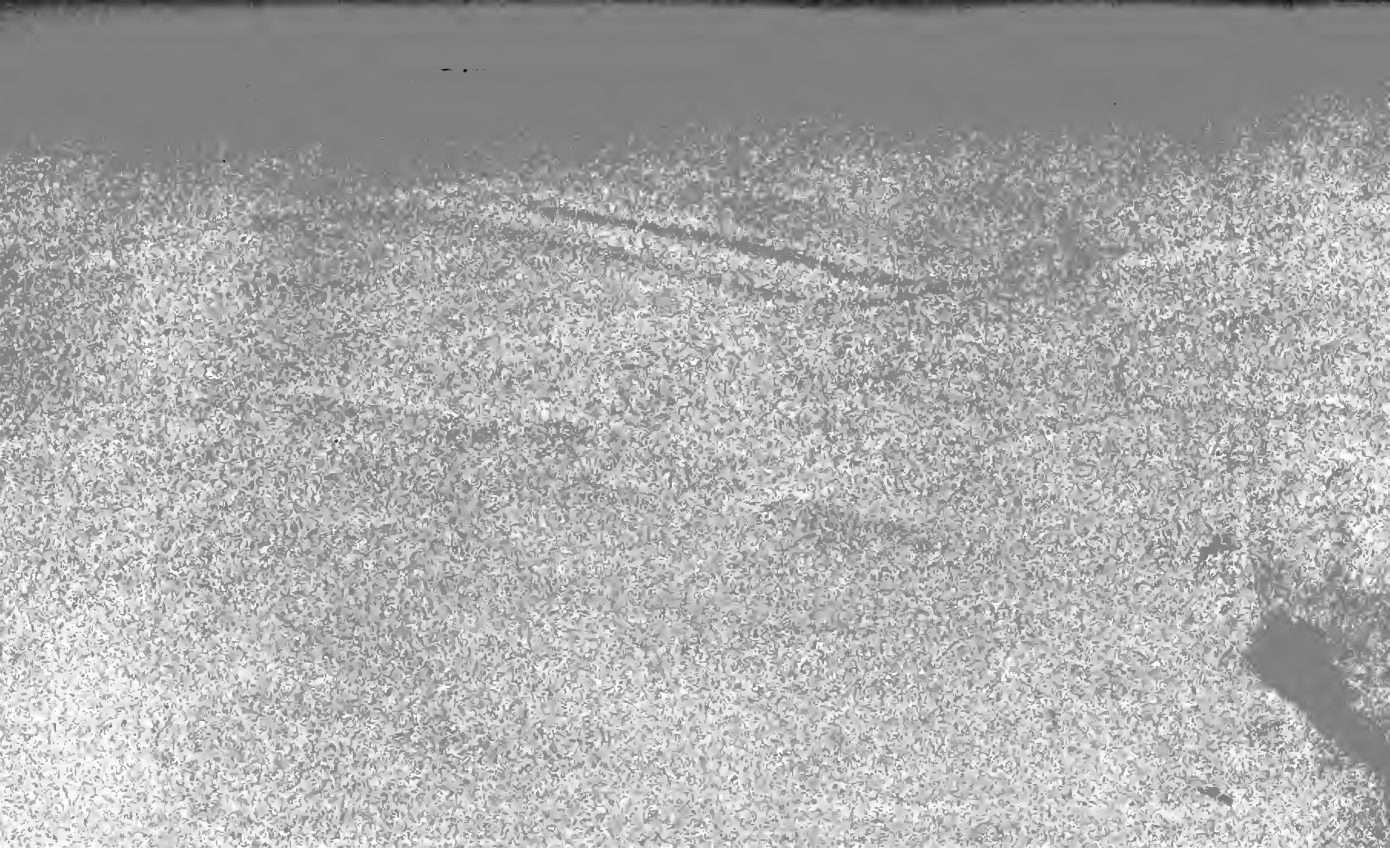
BASS IN THE RIVERS AND STREAMS

There are many reasons for giving the black bass the title of " gamest fish of fresh water." For his size and weight he puts up as snappy a fight as any fisherman could wish for. Take a small-mouth bass in a swift-running stream and it will be a case of matching your knowledge of the fishing game against his keenly developed instinct, and at that, you have to keep your eyes open or he will slip one over on you and break for other waters.

When it comes to main strength the bass, for its size, carries a larger package of that stuff than any other fish. Often, when hooked, it will plunge to the bottom and stick there to a fare-you-well. Nothing can budge him except your strength against his husky muscular development, and this puts a heavy strain on your tackle that often shows up a weak point in your equipment — and then it's " good-by " bass. At times you will think that the bass has edged into a rocky crevice and propped his strong fins against the sides to give him leverage, and believe me, he has sense enough to do it. He is wise enough to dart around submerged rocks and saw a line or gut leader on the ragged edges and make his getaway. He will often go down to the bottom and

Where the stream makes a bend and the water speeds up a bit, forming eddies and back currents, you can count on good bass fishing. Casting among the submerged rocks at this bend in the Wisconsin River, into the quieter water, added five nice small-mouth bass to the pack-sack.

Good stream bass water. In the eddies and back-water, alongside of the rapids and riffles. Here's where the bass kick around waiting for the tail weary minnows that try to fight the swifter waters and in their weakened condition they make easy feed for the wise bass. From this eddy, seven bass were taken by casting down and slowly reeling in a semi-surface plug.



imitate a bull pup, giving a series of short, snappy jerks until something gives in the tackle line.

ONE OF HIS MANY TRICKS

One of his stock tricks is to watch your line, and the moment he gets a little slack, up out of the water he jumps, giving a shake that would make a fair-sized "musky" turn green with envy. This is not merely a shake of the head such as is stated by some fishermen, but a strong jerky shake that brings into play all the muscles of his body. He does not stop at one jump, but will leap repeatedly into the air, each time giving a master shake of his husky body. After the first leap you may think you have lost him and start reeling in, when, 20 feet away from his first flop, up he comes again. This is his method of showing an amateur how a well developed bass loosens a hook from his mouth, and unless you reel in that slack mighty quick, he will sure show you.

ON HIS WAY UP-STREAM

The bass is always on the move upstream, which is likely caused by the scarcity of natural food in the lower waters. He has no love for rapids or riffles and is seldom if ever found in them, but in the quieter waters at the lower end of a rapids or in the eddies on either side he is right at home. Although he does not like the rougher, swifter waters of the rapids and

riffles, he will often dash into their frothy edge in pursuit of minnows, returning at once to the quieter water. He will also dash into very shallow water after some of the small fry, often in water so low that his dorsal fin is entirely out of the water, returning instantly, however, to the deeper water with his catch. In his up-stream migration he will often loaf in pools below the rougher, shallower waters of the riffles until rainy weather raises the water and makes swimming better for him. Right after high water makes poor fishing in most cases, as the bass have gone up stream to new localities, and as the new feeding grounds are generally alive with eats carried down by the current, this gives him a period of easy feeding. As a rule the bass does most of his feeding in the shallows or below riffles, going to the deep pools for rest and digestion of his overfilled feedbag, at which time it is very difficult to coax him with any lure or bait.

SPORTS IN THE MOONLIGHT

On a moonlight night the bass can be seen jumping up out of the water, having a general good time, just like a bunch of kids in the old " swimmin' hole." They are good night feeders and are generally close to the surface at that time. That they come to the surface at night was shown to me in a striking manner a few years ago. While frogging one night above a riffles in the Mahoning River in eastern

Ohio, I was slowly rowing across the river when something flopped into the boat behind me. After a few exciting moments of considerable activity the flopper proved to be a 3¾-pound large-mouth bass, and the following night in practically the same spot, another bass, larger by half a pound, flopped into the boat while the wife was piloting a bunch of suffragettes on a hunt for a mess of frogs. Later I fished this stretch of water with a moonlight Mascot wobbler and caught quite a few strings of fine bass, particularly fine, I thought, for such "civilized" waters.

Bass fishing in the streams, rivers and lakes will be better each year, as the steady stocking of all civilized waters and the rapid increase of the fish, as well as the adaptability of the large-mouth to all waters, means good bass fishing, which is a keen sport for anyone.

GOIN' AFTER MUSKY

So you're out for the big ones, the "tiger" of the waters, the great old rascal that makes 'em all sit up and doff the lid. You've bassed, trouted, and piked and panned a bit, now you feel like taking a whirl at the boss of the tribe, caused no doubt by the many tales that have been spun about this Villa of the weedbeds. No matter how harrowing the tale may be, Old Man, the muskellunge is guilty of everything that has been said about him. And at that he still has a deck full of tricks he has never sprung on the countless Waltons who try to give him the once-over. He has caused more nervous prostration than the bright lights, and take it from me, hooking a 20- or 30-pound musky unawares is no game for a nervous player. From the moment of the strike, it's a case of your wits against those of the musky, and you've got to think fast or you'll find yourself reeling in a slack line, with the musky doing the famous fade-away.

The musky is a vicious cuss and he sure looks the part. He has a pair of jaws set with a bunch of sharp saw-like teeth that would make a shark jealous, the lower jaw projecting beyond the upper, giving

Mrs. J. G. McCarthy, of Chicago, Illinios, with a 38-pound muskellunge she landed, unassisted, on Sept. 25, 1916, in Big Lake St. Germain, Wisconsin. This is one of the largest musky on record having been landed by a woman, with light bass tackle. The lure used was a No. 9 Skinner Spoon, the rod a six-ounce affair, and the big fin fought twenty-two minutes before he was willing to give in to the tackle skill of Mrs. McCarthy.

Mrs. J. G. McCarthy, of Chicago, Illinois, with a 38-pound muskel-
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him a wolf-like appearance, and he certainly is a wolf by nature. He feeds on all fish smaller than himself, even his own kind, and is not adverse to gobbling up a young duck or other aquatic bird that happens to pass his way. He will strike at most anything moving in the water, and once hooked he will put up a thrilling and savage fight equaled by no other fresh-water fish.

WHERE TO FIND HIM

His favorite haunt is in about 5 to 15 feet of water near the weeds, water lilies or grass that grow in the water, or alongside of submerged rocks. He is a solitary fellow, doesn't make any friends, but just lies around waiting for a piece of food to go swimming by, then makes a lightninglike dart, snaps his powerful jaws shut on his victim and swims back to his station and gorges the eats, ready in a minute to make another foray. He always strikes a fish or lure sideways, and there is no special time when he is feeding; fact is, he seems to be hungry all the time, although he is more active from eight to eleven in the morning and from four until dark. When the water is slightly roughened by the wind and breaking in small waves or when the day is overcast, makes good musky weather, although he may surprise you and strike your lure while you are trolling into shore to make a landing for the noonday lunch, and a sudden strike of a musky is sure a shocker.

THE BEST TIME

Musky fishing is very good in June, unless the season is extremely cold and backward. Towards the tail end of July it slows up considerably, while August is the poorest month for the big chief. During "dog days" his teeth are in poor shape and you can hardly coax a strike out of him unless he feels so down in the mouth and mean that he strikes from pure cussedness. Like a snake shedding its skin and the deer its horns, the musky loses its teeth in August, but nature packs in a new set by the first of September and the old boy is in a fine fighting humor for that month. By far the best musky fishing is to be had in September and October, when the chill night air seems to fill them with an extra supply of pep for the food hunt the next day. Even up into November is not too late for the big ones, but for downright good musky fishing it is hard to beat September and October.

STRIKES IN SNOWSTORM

A few seasons ago a well-known fisherman who has wet his line from Alaska to the Florida Keys caught a 38-pound musky late in October in northern Wisconsin in a blinding snowstorm. The wind was blowing a half gale and the strike was made on the final cast before running in to camp before the storm. It was some game to land this husky

" granddaddy " of the bunch; the cold waters keyed him up to the highest pitch and he made a series of rushes and dives that took keen work to hold him, while his breaks from the water included a bunch of musky tricks unheard of in the fish caught during the warmer days of summer and early fall. The air was so cold that after bringing the musky to gaff the fisherman's hands were actually stiffened on to the rod.

TROLL AND CAST

In the past most of the boys have contented themselves with trolling for the musky, but the real sport of the game is to cast for them, using the same method as that of casting for bass. In trolling for musky a silk braided line of 20 to 30 pounds test is about right, while a six-thread Cuttyhunk linen line is preferred by some. For a trolling lure the spoon hook holds first place and is no doubt the best little all-around bait. Use a chub, shiner, black sucker or pork rind with a spoon as an added attraction, and if this don't seem to make 'em curious, put a strip of red flannel about six inches long on the hooks and let that wiggle through the water a bit as an enticer. Some mighty fine ones have been caught with this rig. Most beginners load the line with a whopping big spoon, even up to No. 12 size. Keep her down, Old Man, to a No. 4 or No. 6 for the single spoon, and No. 3 or No. 4 for the tandem

style. For a good stiff rod for the beginner make it a steel one, and the No. 33 Bristol will fill the bill for either casting or trolling for the musky. Of course if you are a double-dyed expert you can use your lighter rod and tackle, but unless one is an expert at handling the lighter tackle he had better stick to the slightly heavier stuff and feel more sure of the fish. A musky can sure make a fine outfit look like a junk shop if it's handled by an inexperienced fisherman. Troll in water about 8 to 12 feet deep, off the edges of the weedbeds and over the underwater weeds; also off the rock beds and points of land as well as quiet coves and bays. Keep your rod straight out behind the boat; if you hold it out over the side you put a strain on it that is unnecessary and bad medicine for any rod.

In casting for the musky keep the boat about 50 feet off the casting waters, moving the boat as noiselessly as possible and casting in towards the shore or feeding grounds. An all white or white and red head artificial minnow, or spoon and pork rind, frog or minnow makes a good casting lure. From the strike the fight is fast and gamy and you sure must keep the slack out of the line or he'll do a flop out of the water and corkscrew back on your line, which means farewell to the musky.

HIS HONOR, THE WALL-EYED PIKE

Right at the start, Old Man, I must tell you that the wall-eyed pike is living under an assumed name. His real monicker is pike-perch, but the boys have sort of acquired the habit of calling him wall-eyed pike, and so we let it go at that. Fact is, however, he is also known as the jack-salmon, glass-eye pike, yellow pike, and blue pike. He probably fell heir to these names on account of his habit of bumming around, making no particular spot his home. After he fathers his spring family of from one to two hundred thousand husky youngsters, and the little pikers have learned to wag their tails, he leaves home and hikes out on a still hunt for food, as he is always hungry, having the reputation of being the heaviest eater of the fresh-water fish. He lives almost entirely on other live fish, and often eats his own progeny to satisfy his lust for food.

Where you find the wall-eyed in good numbers one day, does not guarantee that they will congregate there the next. There is no dope on his route and he has no schedule. At times he frequents the very deep pools and the next day he may be lying

off a shoal or sandbar. No matter in what depth of water you locate him, however, you will find that he is close to the bottom, as he is not a surface feeder.

WALL-EYE TRAVELS IN SCHOOLS

He can be coaxed out of the water with live bait such as mud minnows, chubs, shiners or small white-bellied frogs, or you can use an underwater plug weighted with a sinker, or troll with a spoon. The wall-eyed seldom travels single, but invariably runs in schools, a habit acquired no doubt from fear that he may miss a feed. Where you catch one you can figure on more fish from the same spot, until they hustle off to locate better feeding grounds. This hungry feeling makes him a great little biter, and said feeling has also made him a boon to the fisherman, who can always count on " bringing home the bacon " if he locates a pike feeding ground.

In the rivers he hangs out below rapids, dams and log jams, where the current is swift, gorging on the minnows, which are easy prey, as they are tired out with their battle against the swift currents. This is a fine place to cast for him, using live or artificial bait, with a fair-sized dipsey sinker to take the bait down deep in the water. He also has a fancy for sandbars in the rivers, and wading along a bar, casting on both sides, brings good results.

TROLL FOR HIM IN LAKES

In the lakes you will be more successful in trolling for the wall-eye. Live bait, plug or a spoon with a buck-tail gang hook makes an atractive lure for him. Use your bait-casting rod, with a trolling tip to add strength, and reel out about a hundred feet of line. Don't make the common mistake of moving the boat too speedily; just go along fast enough to keep the bait moving — about one and a half miles an hour is right. When you get a strike you will notice the difference between the action of a bass and a wall-eyed pike. The pike will give a firm and decided tug at the line, but will not dash away with the bait, and right then is the time to strike, with a strong, quick jerk, as the large amount of line out makes this necessary. And if that wall-eye is a ten or fifteen pounder, you are due to have as game a piece of " fish work " on your hands as you could wish for.

CAUGHT A BIG ONE ACCIDENTALLY

Last summer I was actually forced by accident to land a twelve and a half-pound wall-eyed pike, and the way this happened illustrates the fact that one must study the action of the different fish, and especially the manner in which they take bait. It was a hot old day in July when a pal and I were crossing Black Lake in northern Wisconsin, so hot, in

fact, that I only put a line out after Earney, the local fishing expert, insisted that he hated to waste a minute on the water. We were in about thirty feet of water when my reel began to sing, but there was no other action, and, after striking, we paddled back, thinking I was snagged. Earney ran his hand along the line and gave it a jerk to loosen it, and right then things sure opened up. Splash out of the water, at the side of the canoe, flashed the pike, and down again to the bottom. It was some sport with a light rod, a ten-pound test bass line, and a husky wall-eye. Three times I brought him up to the canoe, fighting back and forth without any long runs, but a continuous bunch of snappy jerks followed by dives to the bottom, before we could gaff him.

NOT A SPECTACULAR FIGHTER

A wall-eyed pike doesn't make the showy fight of the bass. He doesn't show that race-horse speed stuff of cutting through the water, and he doesn't fight as long, but every one of his jerks and twists sends up your spine a thrill that makes you feel like a game cock after you land him.

All through the season you can catch him, particularly in June, July and October. Try him out on dull, cloudy days and in the evening, casting with a red Ibis bass fly, weighted, of course, so that it

will sink. He is a great night prowler and seems mighty hungry late in the day. On a moonlight night he answers to the call of an underwater luminous plug.

THE FIRST PICKEREL

I have brought to gaff a tuna, cast for grayling with
a Cree,
Caught some small mouths that were whoppers,
hauled a sword-fish from the sea;
Roughly speaking I have angled ev'ry fish that has
a mouth,
From the Arctics to the Tropics and a thousand
miles due South;
Yet I can't remember thrilling just the way that
once I did
When I yanked that three-pound pick'rel from the
creek, when but a kid!

—*Albert Jay Cook.*

JUST ORDINARY OL' PICKEREL

If there is any one of the fish family that we remember from the knee-pants and bent-pin stage of the fishing game, it sure must be Ol' Judge Pickerel and the young "picks." It certainly made your heart do a double-quick and started the cold creeps up your spine the first time you hooked a pickerel, after a kindergarten course on chubs and sunnies.

You probably had a long cane pole or a young sapling cut from the nearby wooded shore; anyway, from that time on you realized that there was " some sport " to the game. Since then, of course, the ol' pickerel has sorta been dropped into the discard, and it takes trout, bass or musky, perhaps, to start the joy trips up along your vertebræ. But let me tip you off straight: there's many a good fighter left in the pickerel outfit, regardless of the many slurs cast upon his fighting qualities by some of the ultra-exclusive highbrows in the angling derby.

FIND PICKEREL MOST ANYWHERE

The pickerel is one of the fish that you can fish for nearly anywhere, and you don't have to make a five hundred to one thousand mile trip to his home grounds. He is a common, ordinary cuss that can pick up a living on next to nothing, and at the same time raise a mighty big family. In nearby " civilized " waters he will even make a sure-enough professional fisherman sit up and take notice because of his ability to evade the bait and make said fisherman use all his skill and wits to induce him to take the lure. The more he is fished for the wiser he gets, and to land a few fair-sized pickerel in much-fished waters takes keen work, more so, in fact, than for the gamer fish in the usual fish haunts of the North Woods. As a rule the pickerel found in local waters does not grow to excess size, — say

an average of two or three pounds. Some are larger, of course, but not the general run.

WHERE THE PICKEREL HANGS OUT

The pickerel from the running streams, like all other fish, puts up the best fight, while those from the warmer waters of the lakes and sluggish streams are dull and slow fighters. The pickerel is found in nearly all rivers and lakes or ponds, his preference being for shallow, grassy lakes. His main hunting grounds are along the edge of lily and weed beds and on the outskirts of the grassy growth that is often called " pickerel grass." Here he lurks, waiting for the smaller fish to swim past, often striking his prey with a snap of the jaws that cuts the victim in two. He is a sure-enough barbarian, and is a destroyer of the weaker fishes, all of which points to the fact that he will be with us for many a day. He is vicious to the core, and at times will strike a trolling spoon with force enough to bend it double. In spring-fed lakes he is often found around the spring-holes, and deep fishing here will bring him out. You can feel reasonably sure of landing him any time from the first of the season to the wind-up, and then take a rap at him through the ice in winter.

NEEDS DENTIST IN AUGUST

August is about the poorest month for pickerel fishing, caused, no doubt, by the soreness of the

gums, as claimed by many of the old-timers. The "musky," a cousin of the pickerel, loses his teeth in August, while the pickerel itself has a swelling of the gums during dogdays that does not put him in a humor to bite on anything. Late September and early October is about the best all-round pickerel season, at which time he is found in the shallows and at the mouth of outlets or inlets, where the feed is good.

TROLL AND CAST FOR HIM

Although trolling is the surest method of landing the pickerel, much sport can be had by casting for him, using light bass tackle. A weedless hook with a small frog, shiner or minnow for bait, and a single spinner is all you need. Row along the weed-beds, about seventy-five feet out, and cast in toward the edge, landing your bait about five feet from the edge. Give the pickerel a little time before striking, as he grabs the live bait and darts back to his lair, there to turn it around in his mouth and swallow it head first. Strike sharply and row away from the weeds. Bear this in mind: he may come up to the boat with ease, but he makes his big effort for liberty after you bring him up to the boat.

The usual way to get him is by trolling with a spoon or spinner. Take a No. 4½ tandem Slim Eli Hildebrandt Spinner with a treble hook bucktailed or feathered, or a No. 4 Skinner spoon

and you have an excellent trolling rig. A chunk of pork rind adds to the attractiveness of the lure.

Whatever the standing of the pickerel in the sport of fishing, it can be said to his credit that he has gladdened the heart of many fishermen who could not take the time or lay out the wad of coin necessary to go after the gamer fish in their native haunts, and for this I say, give the devil his due, although a good-sized pickerel on very light tackle is not to be sneezed at, nor is getting him in much-fished waters a child's trick.

A LITTLE PAN-FISH FUN

There's a great big army of little fish that don't seem to get the proper credit for all the fun and pleasure they have given fishermen. Of course, Old Man, a great big chunk of this fun happened way back in the knee-pants' stage of most fellows' fishing days, but at that, when the real game fellows are off the feed and prospects appear good for an empty stringer, and it looks like bacon and flapjacks for the evening meal, just toss out a line and give the little fellows a nibble at your bait. These little old nibblers include in their ranks the crappie, rock bass, blue gill, sunfish and yellow or striped perch.

As a pan fish you can't beat 'em. Browned to a turn in plenty of bacon grease or broiled over the open campfire they make a dish that would cause even J. D. to forget his stomach, and after an hour on the trail or a particularly hard portage, you thank your lucky stars when the feed bag has a generous portion of " little fellers " done to a turn.

GET 'EM ANY OLD TIME

Of course, they don't put up a scream of a fight like their cousins the basses, but they are accom-

modating little cusses and bite any time in the day and most any time in the season, and especially when the real game fellows have a tendency to overlook a good thing in the shape of bait or lure. Although they only make a short little fight, there's a way of fishing for them that will give you quite a bit of fun and please even the sure-enough fisherman who is seemingly shocked when you even mention pan fish to him. Of course, most of that disdain stuff is merely bull on the part of the fellow that hops up in the clouds when you mention little pannies. I've known lots of 'em to sneak out alone and have a piece of sport with the "little fellers" when they thought no one was watching and there was no chance of injuring their rep as highbrow anglers.

LIGHT FLY ROD BEST

Here is the tackle that puts pep in the pan-fish game: Get the lightest, whippiest steel fly rod you can find, about ten feet in length, use an ordinary soft-braided silk casting line and a number eight or ten hook, and do a little still fishing. With this rigging you will be pleasantly surprised at the sport in landing a fair-sized panner. They start out with quite a showy fight, but it doesn't last long. However, with this tackle, Old Scout, they'll play better and show more spunk than with the ordinary casting rod, and take it as a side tip you won't land every one you hook.

The crappie is found in most ponds, lagoons, and lakes, as well as the more sluggish streams, and they like the quiet waters. They bite best in the early spring, in June and the fall, although you get them most any time. For a still-fishing bait they like grasshoppers, worms or live minnows, and you can catch them trolling with minnow or very small spoon-hook, while at times they will rise to the trout fly.

The rock bass prefers the clear, cool water, and is not only found in nearly every lake, pond and river, but also in the little creeks and streams. In the lakes you will find him where the reeds and underwater grasses grow and in the streams he dotes on the deep holes among the rocks and bowlders or around stumps, brush or windfalls. Most any kind of bait suits him, but small minnows, angleworms and white wood-grubs make him swim around and take notice. They put up quite a stagger at fighting when first hooked, and make a final effort when brought up to the boat. A small red ibis or white miller fly often tempt them, and very small frogs or crawfish interest the larger ones.

BLUEGILL IS SCRAPPY

The bluegill is probably the most numerous of the panners and can be found in nearly all the lakes and quieter streams, particularly in the smaller lakes. He grows to a fair size and undoubtedly he is the gamest of the pan fish. He fights from the

time he is hooked until landed and is sure a persistent little cuss. He does not rush the hook like the rock bass, but quietly sucks the hook in, and when he finds he has hooked himself the fun begins. You usually will find him in schools off the edges of bars among the patches of weeds and grasses, and he sticks in a bunch until you land the whole outfit. Try for him in water from five to ten feet in depth and keep your line as far away from the boat as possible. Any time of the year he will go for the bait, but from July to September he seems exceptionally in need of open-air treatment. Any of the baits used for other panners satisfies the bluegill, while he won't turn up his nose at pieces of fish or mussel. Trolling and the fly interest him.

STRIPED PERCH GOOD BITER

The yellow or striped perch is probably the best little biter in the whole outfit, and although he does not as a rule fight like a heavyweight, if you get a two-pounder on light fly tackle you know there is a fish on the far end of the line. Go after him in about thirty to forty feet of water and you get the big ones. With any sort of bait you can land him in good numbers most any time, and even through the ice in winter he is an accommodating fellow. The perch is a great little favorite with the women and children who don't go after the gamer fellows, and many pleasant days can be spent for this popular

little panner. A bait that looks good to a bluegill tickles the fancy of the perch, and any old kind of a hook and line is tackle enough to get him, although the real sport is to be had with the long, light steel fly rod.

Taken as a whole, the pan fish are a gentlemanly little bunch of good fellows, always eager to take a nibble and save a fisherman from ringing up a "goose egg" for the day's fishing, and to his good, clean method of living we can thank him for his fine flavor, and crown him king of fresh water fish food.

LIVE BAIT — THE MINNOW

For an all-round live bait that has the reputation of bringing home the bacon most any time during the open season, give us the minnow family, which, by the way, is a large tribe. Some fishermen call any small fish a minnow, which is wrong, as the minnow family is a distinct line made up of over one hundred different species and most small streams and lakes have from ten to thirty species in their waters. You will find the minnow in all sorts of places, the spot-tailed shiner mainly in the lakes, fallfish in the large streams, and chub in the smaller streams. The minnows taken from the rapid flowing waters and riffles make the sturdiest bait, and at the same time the liveliest, as their constant fight with the swift current gives them more "pep" than the minnow from the gravel-bars or the deeper, quieter pools.

As a general thing the species of minnows are more numerous in the warmer streams and lakes. The minnow from the river or creek makes the best bait, especially for bass or wall-eyed pike, and those taken from the swifter, cooler water, besides being more vigorous than their brothers from the lakes and ponds, have a more silvery shine, which makes

Four a. m. and the sun peeping up over the horizon with a slight ruffle to the water, a nice growth of rushes off the point of land which runs for sixty feet as a sand bar out into deep water and the bass raising the deuce among the shiners, perch and minnows. You cannot beat it for bass. Every morning for a week five to eight bass were coaxed into the "spider" off this point.

In lake fishing for bass the small bays and coves can be counted on for good fishing. As a general thing the underwater weeds and lily pads thrive in the bays, the natural retreat of the large-mouth. From this little bay nineteen bass, ranging from two and a half to five pounds, were caught in a little over an hour's casting.

a decidedly more attractive lure to the game fish on the lookout for a fancy piece of food.

TRY OUT DIFFERENT MINNOWS

In most all fishing waters some particular minnow has the reputation of being the one best bet and it is well to follow the dope of the local fishermen or guides, although at the same time the trying out of another species may mean better fishing all the way round. You never can tell until you have tried out the different minnows which kind makes the most attractive bait for any locality.

For muskellunge, pike or pickerel the larger sized minnows, say about eight to ten inches, are the best bait and it's a toss-up between the fallfish, creek or river chub, silver shiner, or black sucker. All of these baits are fine lures for casting or trolling.

For black bass the silver shiner or dace seems to be the minnow that tickles his fancy and its silvery sides make a great shining invitation under water. It is a good bait for any time, or any condition of water, and is particularly fine on dark and cloudy days or in rough water. River or creek chubs are hardy minnows with a tough mouth that holds well on the hook, and the fact that they are more lively than the shiner makes them attractive bait to most fishermen. On bright days, with clear and still water, the chub is second to none as a fish getter. The mud minnow, with its yellowish gold tint and

husky constitution, is a prime favorite. Besides being an attractive lure for bass, he seems to have as many lives as the proverbial cat, and he is sure on the job every minute he is in the water. The small sucker, redfin or silver-side, darter, slender silver-side, and the blunt-nose minnow will be found good for bait.

CATFISH AND PERCH AS BAIT

The small catfish, called by some the stonecat, mad-tom, bullhead or pout, is a bait that will surprise the bass fisherman who has never used it. Early and late in the season young yellow perch can be used to advantage in lake fishing, but to get the best results from the perch bait the dorsal fin should be clipped off. This operation does not impair the vitality of the young perch, if done quickly with a pair of scissors or a sharp knife.

For bass or wall-eyed pike a minnow four to five inches long is about the right size. This size minnow is livelier and will last much longer on the hook than the smaller ones. Even a small bass, a half pounder for instance, will make a drive for this size bait, while it is sure the happy medium for the old granddaddy who has a man's-sized feed bag to fill. As a general thing the big bass like a good mouthful and there is not much chance of using a minnow they cannot handle. Bass seem to have a fancy for minnows from other waters than their own.

HOW TO HOOK THE MINNOW

In baiting the hook with the minnow, pass the hook through the lower lip and out the nostril, or if the minnow is of a large size, run the hook through both lips. For still fishing, where the water is quiet, hook the minnow, if small, through the back, above the backbone and just behind the dorsal fin. Chubs and suckers can be hooked through both lips which are very strong on these species.

With proper care minnows can be kept in good shape for an indefinite period. In camp a permanent minnow box should be sunk in the water along the shore of the stream or lake, and the bottom of the box filled with gravel and stones. Wire screen over both ends gives a steady change of water. Always dip the minnows into the minnow bucket with a small dip net and don't handle them; leave that until you place them on the hook. It is best to use a large size minnow bucket and if there is to be much of a carry, put a bunch of water weeds in the pail. This saves them from injury caused by rough travel. In carrying minnows any distance don't crowd 'em; fifty to a five-gallon pail is plenty. A pinch of salt added to the water once or twice during the day's fishing gives 'em life. Change the water often and don't wait until the minnows come to the top, as that's about the time they are ready

to turn belly up. A mighty good plan is to tote along a small bicycle pump and aerate the water every now and then by pumping air into it. A good plan to follow in changing the water in the minnow pail is to pour it in from a height of say two or three feet, as this carries air into the water, and the minnow sure needs air as much as a human being.

ODE TO A WORM

The sombre years roll on to ultimate negations
And swirl back to the fates from whence they came;
But thou — through all the changing generations —
Thou wriggling angleworm, remain the same.
Delicious grub, upon which hungry fish have battened
Since cave-men first the bone-barbed spear forsook,
I sing this song for one whose yawning creel has fattened,
Because thou hung suspended from his hook.

— *Albert Jay Cook.*

WORMS AS BAIT

The original bait that has tickled the palate of all kinds of fish since the first open season in the Garden of Eden and caused more of them to grace the frying pan than any other lure, of the thousands in use, is the common old worm. Called by some the angleworm, by others the fishworm, and knighted as the greatest bait ever by the happy, bare-legged, knee-pants angler of the Order of the Long Cane Pole.

This little old worm bait has never received as much credit as it should, probably because its value as a bait has been in a way overlooked in the mad rush for the multicolored and wonderfully shaped artificials that have made bait-casting the most popular end of the sport. Then, again, the fact that the fly-fisherman generally tilts his nose skyward when the worm is as much as mentioned, has sort of given it a black eye with the beginner, who, above all things, hates to have the experienced angler think for a minute that he is a tyro at the game. And at that, Old Scout, it is no kid's trick to land the wily trout when the waters are low and clear during July, even with the assistance of the lowly worm.

A STILL-FISHING WINNER

As a still-fishing bait for all kinds of fish the worm stands at the head of the class, and he can wiggle into the affections of the finny tribe when many other baits don't even get a glance. Whether it is the fascinating wiggle of the head and tail of the worm, which should be hooked through the body a couple of times with the ends free, or the delicious flavor of this choice bit of fish food that makes it so popular, is a question that can only be settled by the fish, but it is a sure enough fact that they take to worms like a duck to water. The worm makes 'em cross-eyed to get at it before another fish sees it.

FOUR OF A KIND

One big point in favor of the worm is that it can be found in good numbers almost anywhere. A few turns of earth with a spade will give you enough bait for an afternoon's fishing. There are four species of worms which are probably the most useful in fishing. The black-headed worm without the band or knotlike ring which is rather dark in color and the toughest and best hooker of the lot, and is found in garden soil. The ringed worm with a ring around the body a little above the middle is a flatter looking worm, which is found under old manure heaps and such places. This worm is softer and does not make as good bait as the black-headed worm. The marsh worm, which has a whitish ring, and is a pale blue in color and is found under stones and among decayed leaves and under rotted logs. The red-headed worm which is found in rich earth near manure heaps and is quite thick in proportion to its length. It is dark red, and owing to the fact that it loses its color after being in the water a short time, is not as good for bait as the others.

CLEAN AND FEED 'EM

When worms are first taken from the ground they are full of earth, and until they are cleaned do not make the best bait. A fish likes the pink color of the cleaned worm, and it is a simple matter to doctor them into first-class fish food. As soon as they are

dug up out of their home grounds they should be washed well with water. Put them in a panful of water and stir them around with the finger, but don't crush them or shake roughly, then place them in an earthen crock or jar and put in plenty of moss. And here is the big point to remember in the " care of the worm: " wring the moss thoroughly so that all water is eliminated. The moss must be kept dry in order to extract the moisture from the body of the worms and thus toughen them for the hook.

The ringed worm can be cleaned in two or three days while the other three take at least a week to put them in clean pink shape. Every other day the worms should be examined and the sick looking brothers taken out, and the moss changed. Slip them a little food at the same time; a slice of bread broken into small pieces and a spoonful of milk or cream poured on the moss is plenty, and will keep 'em while getting ready for the hook. Sounds like a joke to wash and feed your pet worms, but if you never offered a clean worm to the fish, just give it a try-out, and take it from me, Old Timer, you are certainly due for a surprise at the results. While the conditioning game is going on, keep the worm crock in a cool place.

SMALL ONES GREAT BAIT

When digging worms don't overlook the small ones. It is a mistaken idea that only the big worms

get the big fish, for often the largest worm will fall a victim to the smallest fish. A small, clean, pink worm with a lively kick is more enticing to the big fellows than the big night crawler that you hunt with a lantern. When hooking the worm do not run the hook clear through the body, but simply hook it through the skin. About one-third way down the body run the hook through the skin, then skip about a third of the body and run the hook through again, leaving about a quarter of the entire length of the worm wriggling loose at the barb of the hook. This keeps them lively and kicking and attracts the big fellows, and while a dead worm may get the smaller fish it doesn't appeal much to the kind you are generally after. When hooking a new worm always take off the small pieces of his predecessor.

When you have tried out everything else and the fish seem to be off the feed, slip a nice worm on the hook, and if that don't make them hungry you can feel certain that you have done your part in your effort to coax the big fins out of the water.

PORK RIND FOR BAIT

After you have packed your varied bunch of plugs, wobblers, spoons and lures in your tackle box, with the surplus jammed into your grip, don't forget the humble pork rind, because it's sure got some " rep " behind it to back it up as a fish getter. When you have tried to tease the fish on to your hook with every bait you can think of and failed to arouse their curiosity, just put a nice juicy strip or chunk of fat pork on the hook, and if that don't make their mouths water then they surely must be either sea-sick or on a diet.

Many big fish have been caught with the fat side of the pig, and your kit is not complete without a fair-sized piece of pork. Buy it in a chunk with the rind on and cut it up each day as you a la carte it to the fish. Keeping it in a chunk saves it from drying out. The best kind of pork to buy is that commonly called salt pork, or, as the sailors name it, " salt hoss," but get the fresh pork whenever possible as it is stronger and makes a livelier bait. This pork is white, and makes an attractive lure for bass, pickerel and wall-eyed pike, and even the musky will give it the once over if it's a fair-sized chunk.

HOW TO CUT PORK RIND BAIT

There are many different ways to prepare the pork rind as to size and style of cutting. Take a strip three to three and one-half inches long, three-fourths of an inch wide and an eighth of an inch thick. Taper it from the full width down to a point in a V-shape. This makes a very good pork rind bait to use either in casting or trolling. Leave the rind on the top of the pork strip for a distance of about two inches from the thick end of the taper, cutting it off of the balance of the strip, as this gives it strength and does not interfere with its wiggling in the water. To add to its attractiveness as a bass lure, tie a piece of red yarn through the head and knot it into a couple of small bows at each side. A bright piece of red cloth tied around the head is also good.

IMITATE FROGS AND MINNOWS

Take two of these strips and tie them together at the head and let the ends loose and you have a good imitation of a frog; it has a mighty fine motion in the water, at that. A pork rind strip with a No. 3 spoon makes a fine casting bait and is most effective when used on a tandem hook which is made especially for pork rind baits, or on a Foss pork rind minnow.

You can vary your pork rind baits to imitate a

minnow or frog. To make the latter bait, it is only necessary to cut a wider piece of pork and split the tail into two legs. The fact that the pork is fresh and limber makes it take a very lifelike motion through the water, and at the same time when a fish strikes a pork rind bait it does not immediately throw it out of its mouth, as is the case with wooden baits. The pork has more of the soft feel of the live bait to the fish, and it's a twenty-to-one shot that he'll try to swallow it.

PORK CHUNK GOOD BAIT

Chunks of pork cut wedge shape are very successful bait, especially for casting. Take a piece about one and a half inches across the top, two inches long and one inch thick. Taper this down to half an inch at the end and cut off the rind except at the thickest end. Decorate this chunk with red yarn around the head and you have an A-1 casting bait.

If you don't want to bother with making your own pork rind baits, you can get the strips in bottles or the chunks in boxes at your tackle store, but a lot of the fun of fishing comes from doping up for yourself the bait that later lands the big ones.

In hooking the pork rind, hook it close up to the end so that the balance of the bait is loose and free to move with the water as it is reeled in. Hook it through the pork with the rind on top, so that the bait stands up in the water.

HUNT WHERE THEY FEED

Of course with pork rind bait, as with any other lure, you must know something about the feeding places of the fish and where to find them. In the early morning or late evening, when the bass are close in shore or looking for a meal in a patch of weeds or around an under-water brush heap or windfall, you can drop a pork rind bait in the right spot and be almost certain of a strike. With a weedless hook you can shoot the bait into an open pocket in the weeds where other lures cannot well be used.

For pickerel or pike use a small dipsey sinker to take the bait down deeper to where these fish hang out. Pork rind can be used by itself as a bait but a spoon or spinner adds to the attraction and you might as well get the benefit of this old reliable end of the tackle outfit.

A well-known " been there " fisherman of Pardeeville, Wisconsin, H. P. Thompson by name, who is a great little advocate of the fat and juicy pork as a winner among the baits, puts it this way; " If you want to catch fish, and make the other fellow wonder how you do it, use pork, just plain pork, without the beans." Not half bad, old man, only I say, use the pork for bait, and use the beans to stuff the feed bag.

TROLLING

After a few hours casting, when your rod begins to feel like a piece of lead, just slip into an easy position and take a little whirl at trolling. Besides resting up your casting arm and putting it in shape for a double-header in the afternoon, you stand a mighty good chance of landing some fine fish with the least amount of exertion up to the actual period of fighting the fish. Trolling is sure the lazy fisherman's delight and often the fat man's preference.

Nearly all game fish can be caught by trolling, and after the strike it takes just a little bit finer work on the part of the fisherman to land his catch, due to the larger amount of line out at the time. There are quite a number of rigs that are good for trolling, and you can use most any kind of bait or lure. The best day for this kind of fishing is when the water is slightly ruffled by a breeze and the surface broken by small waves. This keeps the intended victim from seeing too much for his own good. An overcast or cloudy day also adds to the attractiveness of trolling weather, although many great catches have been made when the sun was doing his hottest.

BRAIDED LINES BEST

The best line for trolling is the braided silk or linen, as the twisted lines cannot be used successfully on account of the kinking caused by the twisting and turning of the line, which cannot altogether be avoided. In assembling your rig for trolling don't be afraid to use swivels; they help keep the line from twisting. In rigging up the spoon hook for trolling, which is the one most commonly used, loop the line on a swiveled wire leader — a six or eight inch one is plenty long enough — and at the end of the leader snap on the spoon, which for ordinary fishing for wall-eyed pike or bass should not be larger than a No. 3, while for pike, pickerel or musky a No. 4 to No. 6 is plenty large enough. One of the big mistakes in using the trolling spoon is to select a No. 12 in the single spoon or a No. 10 in the tandem style, with a bunch of feathered hooks on the end large enough to scare any fish on first sight. Some of the finest musky and pike have been caught on a little old No. 3 spoon with a shiner or pork rind fluttering on the hook. Take a No. 6 single spoon or a No. 4 tandem with a nice-sized black sucker, chub or shiner hooked behind, and you have an ideal pike or musky trolling rig. Top this off with a small piece of red flannel right in front of the bait, and they sure can't resist it. The small spoon is the winner with the big fish.

TROLL DEEP FOR BASS

When the bass have left the shore waters for the cooler deep water and you have failed to coax them up with the cast, just locate a bar, twenty or thirty feet under water, and take a shot at trolling for them with a Keeling Expert under-water minnow. Take the small size, about a two-inch minnow, let out about 75 feet of line, and troll deep. For clear water use the bronze or copper color, and for dull days try the aluminum. For an artificial, this little old bait is sure a winner. A mud minnow, frog or pork rind strip, with a little red yarn and a No. 3 spoon, makes a trolling outfit that looks good to the bass.

There is one little angle to the trolling game that some of the sure-enough fishermen have overlooked, and that is to troll with flies for bass. Take a nine-foot gut leader, loop on three flies, slip three split-shot sinkers, about No. 1, on the leader three feet apart to keep the flies one or two feet below the surface, and troll along very slowly and quietly. Let out 25 yards of line and strike right after the bass strikes. A good combination of flies for trolling is the Coachman, Silver Doctor and the red or brown Hackle. Trolling with flies for bass might be called the highest art of that end of the fishing game, as it requires more skill and attention than the ordinary run of trolling.

CUT OUT THE SPEED

In trolling for musky, pike or pickerel 75 to 100 feet of line is plenty to run out behind the boat. At this distance the lure is far enough away from the boat and the line is easier handled in landing the fish. The boat should make about two to three miles an hour, which is speed enough to keep the spoon turning and at the same time give the fish a chance to see your bait. Always troll with your rod straight out behind the boat, never out the side at a right angle; this is treatment any fishing rod would resent. A mighty good thing for the rod is to use a steel rod shortener, which gives you a dandy trolling rod at a cost of about 20 cents. Just slip out the first joint, put the shortener in the grip, the second joint in the shortener, and you run no chances with your bait-casting rod. One big point to remember in trolling with a spoon is the fact that a spoon must be spinning around in order to flash under water and attract the fish. If you will keep your eye on the rod tip occasionally you can easily tell whether the spoon is turning around by the steady bobbing of the tip. When it quits bobbing you'd better reel in and clean off the weeds. A hookful of weeds is not much inducement for a fish to strike.

For wall-eyed pike put a dipsey sinker on your rig and troll deep, and if you get a strike, troll back

and forth over the same water, as they feed in schools. A fine artificial bait for the wall-eye is the Heddon's underwater Dowagiac with the green mottled back and white belly. This is a killer, while the South Bend Bass-oreno, white with red head, should be called the Pike-oreno because it sure makes them dull their teeth.

FALL FISHING

If there is any time in the whole fishing season that is more delightful than the fall or autumn, lead me to it. After the first frost has nipped the leaves and they have changed to countless tints and shades of gold, yellow and red, with the deep green of the pines making them stand out in flashing splendor, then, and not until then, will you realize that it is not all of fishing merely to fish.

The hot old days of July and August have been passed into the discard and with them all the thousands of insect pests that feed on the unsuspecting angler as he works overtime trying to coax the uninterested fish with all manner of baits and lures. No more do you have to wake up two hours before the roosters and just ahead of the sun in order to get to the fishing waters when the fish are in the shallows for a feed, nor do you have to wait until dusk, or darker, to go after them with some chance of finding them in the humor to bite.

COOL WATERS GIVE 'EM PEP

During the hot summer days the fish are dull and sluggish, devoting most of the daylight hours to a

siesta in the cool depths, and although you lower your bait to them, they give it the once over with little or no interest. Even the eager little pannies seem to be off the feed at this time.

Among the big fellows — the pike, pickerel and musky — Dame Nature has been playing hob with the teeth and gums and by the opening of the fall fishing these old warriors' molars have been shaped up so that they are in fine fettle to try them out on most any bait that flashes past.

Right here I want to justify a statement I made some time ago regarding musky losing their teeth during August, and being supplied with an entirely new set for the winter feeding. This statement has caused considerable comment among writers of fishing lore. I made it a particular point to examine quite a number of musky this season and found that as late as September 10th some of them still had the old teeth hanging loose in the mouth, while in front of the old teeth were the new dagger teeth firmly set in the jaws and ready for business. This was a little later than usual for the old teeth to remain and was no doubt caused by late seasonal conditions. At this same time the gums of the pickerel were still swollen and in poor shape to encourage an attack on a lure.

As an explanation why these fish that are affected with teeth troubles do not take the bait at this teething period, although they must surely eat, many

hold that they feed on the almost invisible animal life in the water and the vegetation which is in bloom at this time. The old-timers on the lakes will tell you that the lake is working, the waters containing millions of small specks, whitish in color, and these no doubt make up part of the menu of the old heavyweights.

TIME TO LAND BIG ONES

In September the fish come back strong and with the cooler days of October, and even up into the snows of November, you don't have to be so finicky about selecting your artificial plugs. The bass are again in the shallows ready to wallop your lure with the same driving sweep they give it in the beginning of the season. And your chances of landing a big one are greater than at any other time. Why this is so, is hard to dope out, but the big fellows are sure kittenish and probably take a wallop at the gloriously enameled wooden plug out of pure devilishness, or to relieve themselves of an overabundance of " pep."

The fish at this time of the year are right on edge, alert and keenly alive to everything, and nature helps them to the extent of keeping their home waters clearer than at any other period. They can see for longer distances and the still clear atmosphere of October is in their favor. Caution and skill in fishing quietly are far more necessary in autumn than earlier in the season.

THE BAITS TO USE

For an artificial for fall bass fishing let it be a white body with a dash of red, and of the wobbler type. At the same time a green backed white bellied underwater minnow also makes an attractive lure and is particularly good for wall-eyed pike. The wall-eye is mighty hungry in the fall, and right up into November, and he makes a conscientious biter as the cooler weather sets in. He is still a bottom feeder and you must send the bait down to him. Don't be afraid to shoot your cast in among the weeds and lily pads for the bass. That's where you will find them in the fall, way in close to shore, feeding, especially in the evening, and flirting with the edges of the weed patches will not bring half as good results as casting right into the weeds.

The live frogs and minnow are fine fall baits and if you hook your frog on a weedless hook, toss it as lightly as possible into the weeds and let it settle a bit, then reel in slowly, stopping for a second now and then, you are offering a mighty inviting lunch to a hungry bass.

For the musky, pike and pickerel the old reliable spoonhook, about a No. 4 to 6, is an ideal trolling bait and the way they hit the spoon with a savage lunge is enough to shatter the nerves of a fair-weather fisherman. And pickerel — well, the fall caught "pick" will be a surprise to the fellow who hates 'em in the summer.

MUSKY, PIKE OR PICKEREL?

If there is any one point in the fishing game that causes more discussion than the true identification of the muskellunge, pike and pickerel, I have failed to notice it. All three of these savages of the waters belong to the pike family, from the big, husky musky down to the more slender and smaller pickerel, and they have a reputation for greediness and voracity that entitles them to be called the "wolf" of the waters. They devour every living creature that comes in sight and prey upon the other fishes, as well as taking an occasional feed from their own kind.

A FAMILY OF ROUGHNECKS

The family resemblance between the musky, pike and pickerel is close in contour and general appearance, but in markings and color, as well as weight and size, there is quite a difference. The body is similar in shape, with the exception that the musky is built more bulky and chunky than either the pike or pickerel, the latter being the slimmest and more slender of the three. They have the same number and kind of fins and they are placed in the same position on each. The same large head, with its flattened appearance and the protruding underjaw armed with an array of sharp daggerlike teeth,

makes either one of these three ruffians look like a bad actor when you bring him up to the boat. On both the pike and pickerel the head is slightly more flattened and the lower jaw seems to project farther forward than on the musky. The body or basic color of the back and sides is a green and greenish-yellow, which varies considerably in the different fish. Local conditions and waters are the cause of this variation in color. In some waters the fish will be found with both back and sides of a dark green, in others a medium tint, while again they will be caught with a very light green on the back, shading into greenish yellow on the sides. The belly varies from white to a cream color. In some lakes the basic color has a brown-green tint. From this point the similarity in color of the three fish ceases. On the musky are found markings of black or brown, either in the shape of round spots or irregular vertical daubs. In some waters the musky is colored a dark gray, blending into a grayish silver. In the Eagle River waters and several of the smaller lakes in northern Wisconsin and Minnesota an unspotted musky is found. This musky is often called the Great Northern pike. Its tail is more slender and the fins are slightly higher than on the other.

PICKEREL REALLY SMALL FELLOW

The true pickerel seldom exceeds five or six pounds in weight, although pike weighing 10 to 30

or 40 pounds are called pickerel by many fishermen. The body color of the pike varies greatly, but as a general thing it has a greenish-yellow back and sides, with yellow spots dotted over the entire body. The spots are round and look as if they might have been daubed on with a round brush full of yellow paint. The dots and body color vary from light to dark tints in different fish.

The true pickerel also has dots of yellow and sometimes of a silver gray, and they are oblong or oval in shape and run lengthwise with the body, never vertically. These markings are so numerous that they seem to be the body color separated by a dark tracing around the irregular placed spots. They run in no special design or regularity and do not look as much like spots as those markings of the pike and musky, nor do they stand out as distinctly.

The musky is a scrapper from the strike to the gaff, and he uses a tail full of tricks to break away. He will flop up out of the water, giving his head a shake like an angry bull pup; he will make a dash straight at the boat to go under it, and a favorite trick is to flop up out of the water and corkscrew back on the line, winding it around his snoot in an effort to break it. None of these wise old actions can be blamed on the pike or pickerel. They haven't got it in 'em. They don't seem to have the pep or wits of the musky, and they never break

water. A pike of 15 to 20 pounds will take considerable strength of arm and tackle to hold him, and the fight will consist of long straight lunges, at times near the surface or down towards the bottom.

In feeding habits the musky, pike and pickerel are alike. They are solitary in habit and lie concealed among the weeds, rushes and lily-pads, at the edge of a channel where other fish are liable to swim past or alongside of submerged rocks from which they dash out for their prey, returning to the lair to gorge the food and watch for another passer by.

SURE WAY TO JUDGE

There is one way you can always identify these three fish and be absolutely sure you are right. On the musky the cheek and gill covers have scales only on a very narrow strip on the top, while the pike has scales on the entire cheek and the upper half of the gill covers, and on the true pickerel both the cheek and gill covers are entirely covered with scales. This method of distinguishing between the three fish is absolutely reliable and accurate, and as both the cheek and gill covers are large even on the smaller fish you will have no difficulty in noting these characteristics.

In many localities the pike is called pickerel, while the true pickerel is called grass pike, so if you ever

land a 20-pounder that the natives call snake pickerel, and won't even take in the boat, you are perfectly right if you write home to your friends and tell them you landed a 20-pound pike.

WHO CAUGHT THOSE FISH?

As an angler I'll admit you can't be beat,
You have panned old Izaak Walton from his seat;
I'll not deny it.
There is naught you haven't done with fish it seems,
You have bunkoed mighty things in lake and streams;
I'll not decry it.
You have told me tales of monsters that you've caught,
Of the bass and pike and musky that you've fought;
And how you fought them!
But I'll wager, when the pearly gates you've tried,
You will tremble if St. Peter asks the guide:
"Who really caught them?"

—*Albert Jay Cook.*

TIPS FROM THE GUIDES

Well, Old Man, you're ready to pack the duffle bag and hit the steel for the Great North Woods and you want a little straight-from-the-shoulder stuff on the question of guides. Taken as a whole, the men of the North Woods are a fine bunch of good fellows and they sure put up with a lot of hardships in

Earny Wendt, guide extraordinary, of the North Woods country, and a 31½-pound muskellunge landed by Earny, on September 29, from the cool waters of Little Muskellunge Lake, head waters of the Black Lake String, McNaughton, Wisconsin. The line with which this musky was brought to gaff tested out at 7¼ pounds on the break. To land a game fish of this size on a line of that test shows remarkable angling skill, equal, if not finer, than the skill of the cotton-thread fisherman of salt water fame.

the first line of trenches dodging anglers' gas shells on the subject of fishing. Most guides who handle the city chap on his first big time in the woods have more real fishing lore and knowledge tied up in their hat racks than they are given credit for. And a heap of this downright good fishing dope never reaches the surface because sometimes, Mr. C. C. don't mix in right; he sort of rubs the fur the wrong way. Get on a man to man basis right at the start and have your listening ear in good shape. Your fishing will be more successful and you'll have an all-round better time. Your guide probably has spent the greater part of his life on the waters you will fish and he sure ought to be given credit for knowing something about fishing conditions on those waters. If you give him the glad hand, Old Timer, and treat him white, toting your share and " mixing in " right he'll open up and give you a line of fishing that will be remembered for many a day. And just let a few of his tackle tips and fish facts soak in; they are nearly always good and you can use 'em any time.

TIPS FROM A REAL GUIDE

While on a recent trip with Earny Wendt, the greatest little guide that ever brought a musky to gaff, I passed the buck to him in this fashion: " Earny," I said, " what is the worst boner pulled by the city fisherman in the high art of tossing the bait to the eager fishes? "

Between turning the fish that was browning in the pan and moving the coffee pot to a place of safety when it threatened to boil over, Earny slipped this over the home plate.

"Well Hombre, there are a number of things that a fellow will do that makes it hard to fill the stringer. First, nearly everyone tries to cast too far; they have an idea that unless they make about 75 feet of line fly off the reel on a cast that said cast was a failure, while as a matter of fact, as you well know, a cast of from 25 to 30 feet will get more fish than the longer casts, unless the water is very clear, and then throw it out not above 50 feet." And this has been checked up many times in watching Earny fish. He never throws his arm out of joint, but lets the wrist and rod do most of the work, and I have seen him get strikes within ten feet of the boat, and even right up alongside as the lure left the water.

USE SMALL SPOONS

"And another thing," said Earny, as he wiped the smoke out of his eyes. "Some of the spoons and spinners they bring up into this country are some size. They sure use 'em too large. I have always found a small spoon, say a No. 2 or 3, about right for most fishing. Of course you can use them up to No. 6 or 8 on a rough day, when the water is moving a bit, but the great big chunks of tin they try out on the musky sure must look funny to the old boys when they go by. It seems they think the

larger the spoon the larger the fish, but I've caught 'em up to 40 pounds with a little fellow, and I stick to that kind because it gets the fish.

"Striking at the right time is another point," he said as we started work on the piping hot grub, fit for a king — at least it tasted so after a day's steady work at casting. "With the plugs they don't strike soon enough and with the natural bait they strike too soon. Unless a fish hooks itself by accident when he hits the artificial plug, the majority of fishermen are not ready to strike at the right time. You've got to strike 'em the minute they hit the plug or they throw it out. I think where the fall-down comes is in not practicing the transfer of the rod from the right to the left hand. Just before the plug hits the water, the reel should be stopped, and, while the rod is being swung from the right to the left, the retrieve of the plug should be started by a backward move of the rod. This takes up the slack at the start, gives your lure the right position, and still you have enough space to swing the rod farther back to strike your fish quickly if you get a strike. With the live minnows, however, these same fellows never give the fish a chance to swallow the bait. The bass, pike, pickerel or wall-eye generally takes but a small hold on the live bait and striking at that time, before he gets a chance to take it away for a short run, just pulls the bait out of his mouth. I say let 'em swallow it — they ought to at least have that pleasure

anyway — then give a quick, sharp strike with a wrist movement. Instead of this, quite a few of the boys seem to think they've got to pump the fish clean out of the water. At least that's the way it looks to me when I see them give a long, swinging sweep of the arm to the strike.

GIVE YOUR BAIT A CHANCE

"Of course you can't expect a strike on every cast," Earny said, as he pulled the boat to a favorite underwater weed bed where we intended to take a whirl at dusk casting, "but some of the boys put on a 'dowie,' give it a few tosses and then spend ten minutes good casting time changing to another bait. And they keep this up all day, never giving any one particular bait a chance to make good. To get fish you've got to keep the bait in the water, and while it's in the water keep it moving. I believe in reeling in fast, as a game fish strikes on the impulse. He don't take much time to think about it and you should help out the game by keeping the bait moving, as this helps to deceive him into thinking it's escaping feed."

So you see, Old Timer, if you want an earful of real fishing facts, lay your cards on the table with your pal, the guide, and play the game of the outdoors clean. It'll pay mighty well and start a friendship that will last for years.

HOT WEATHER FISHING

When the days are hot and the old sun is doing his best for the corn and his worst for the fisherman, it takes our entire deck of tricks to lure the game fish out of the deep, cool holes. Mid-summer heat drives the fish down to great depth in search of cold water and during only a few hours in the very early morning and at night do they come into the shallows to feed. At that time casting will land 'em; the rest of the day you've simply to go down for them or sit on the cabin porch and hold a talkfest on how you landed that " big 'un " a couple of years ago.

SEND THE BAIT DOWN

For the hot weather, the greatest little old coaxer is live bait. Among the most used live kinds are the minnow, worms, helgramite, crawfish and frogs, while the grasshopper if used as a surface bait on streams will get a rise out of a big trout or bass when he wouldn't even take a look at a fly.

If you are after bass, Old Man, when the mercury is popping high, locate a sand-bar or spring hole anywhere from thirty to a hundred feet down, if your fishing waters go that deep, and let your little old live bait slowly settle to them and you will get

bass when the other fellow finds it necessary to be satisfied with pan fish. Right in mid-season, when the mercury was flirting with the 90-degree mark on an afternoon, I have had plenty of sport still-fishing for small-mouth bass. On Black Lake in northern Wisconsin, with Earny Wendt, the livest little old guide that ever handled a paddle, we have often located a school of small-mouth and by sending our mud minnows down to them, depleted the school to such an extent that the old "he-wop" teacher closed up for want of scholars. The water is exceptionally clear in Black Lake and at from thirty to forty feet, Earny, with his eagle eyes, could locate a school of bass and we would quietly fish it to a fare-you-well. From one school of eleven fine fellows we took eight before they wised up to the fact that there was a string to the bait offer. Often three or four bass would make a dart for the minnow only to be disappointed by the winner swimming off with his prey to stop and swallow it at his leisure. The run of the bass in this school, before stopping to swallow the bait, varied from 40 to 90 feet.

SPORT FIT FOR A KING

A few seasons ago at a lake that is considered very civilized waters and which has been fished to a finish for the past twenty years, three fishermen landed as nice a bunch of small-mouth bass on a hot August day as ever falls to the lot of an angler, and

at that generally in his dreams. With a sun that burned through their shirts, these knights of the rod stuck to a spring hole they had located and from 90 feet of water caught 48 small-mouth bass, ten of which ranged from 3½ to 5 pounds. And the bait they used was the common, wiggling angleworm. That same day many fishermen were casting in the shallows and failed to bring in enough bass to make a fair-sized breakfast.

BIG ONES WERE THERE

The wall-eyed pike is by nature a bottom fish and at any time of the season you have to go down for him, although at night he often comes into the shallows to feed. The usual thing is to troll for them in from 15 to 30 feet of water. I have always had an idea, Old Timer, that in deep lakes you could find him in warm weather in deeper water. I tried it out and sure enough I found him there. I trolled over a piece of near shore water, with a depth of about 15 feet, and the average wall-eye caught ranged from one and a half to two pounds. I then rigged up a regular deep-water trolling rig, generally used for lake trout, and the first strike was a six-pounder. I trolled back and forth over this stretch of water and landed seven wall-eyed ranging from three and a quarter to seven and a half pounds. The average depth of the water was about 45 feet, it varying between 30 and 60 feet.

HOW TO MAKE THE RIG

The rig for this deep trolling is easily assembled and it sure takes your bait down to them. Take an eight-ounce cone-shaped sinker and attach it to the end of your line with a swivel; then take three pieces of line about three feet long and attach the first piece with a swivel to the line about three feet above the sinker. Three feet above the first line attach the second with a swivel, and three feet above that attach the other with a swivel. On the three ends of these lines swivel on an eight-inch piano wire leader, because the big wall-eyed pike have teeth that will cut through a line or gut leader. To your leaders attach either a single hook or a treble as you prefer, and bait each of these hooks with a six to eight-inch shiner or golden chub. Let your line down and find bottom, then troll along very slowly. The wall-eyed will strike very mildly for his size and swim away slowly with the bait. Let him take it some distance, then strike him and if he is any size you will have a fine time bringing him up to the boat. Fact is, he will probably make a couple of runs back to the bottom just when you think you have him to net. With this rig I had the fun of landing two wall-eyed pike at once, a three and three-quarter pounder and a five and a quarter and you can take it from me, Old Timer, I knew there was something on the line when they both began to " act up " for com-

pany. In making this rig I think you will save tackle by using a weaker piece of line for your sinker connection than your reel line, as the sinker is liable to catch in the rocks on the bottom, and if the connecting line is weaker, it will break and you only lose the sinker. A small spoon, say about a No. 3, placed in front of the bait will make it more attractive, or an Archer spinner ought to look good to most wall-eye.

LITTLE POINTS THAT COUNT

There are lots of little points to the fishing game that a fellow overlooks in his effort to acquire a working knowledge of the main show under the big top, and any one of these " little fellers " may mean the loss of a fine old specimen of the finny tribe. And hear me, you fishermen, is there anything more cussed uncomfortable than to lose a fish, after you once hook him, through some little old piece of tackle giving up the ghost right when it should not or through the fact that some info tip has been forgotten in the excitement of hooking the big one? And should this happen in the presence of a fellow artist, good-night! 'Twill be many a day before you hear the last of it, and much advice will be handed you on the subject of how the other fellow would have handled the strike.

ACCURACY VS. DISTANCE

In bait-casting, accuracy in placing the bait in the right spot is really the greatest essential; far greater, in fact, than distance, which most fellows seem to develop more than anything else. Slamming the bait way over into the next county may get you a strike now and then, but deftly placing it in the open

pockets of the weed beds and lily pads is a hundred to one better shot on landing a strike, and at the same time you don't have to use up a barrel of arnica to reduce the stiffness in your casting arm.

When you start casting keep at it; don't make a few casts and then loaf on the job or look around for a new location. Cast into every likely looking spot along the weeds, into the pockets, by the windfalls and logs, every old place that you think a bass may be hanging around hoping for a feed. Keep your bait in the water and moving. Of course, a fellow cannot expect a strike on every cast, but placing them right and keeping at it increases your chances and lowers the lost time on the fishing waters. One carelessly thrown cast not only kills that cast, but usually takes up enough time to kill two or three, and when you figure that you generally get a strike on an average of every 50 to 60 casts, it pays to make 'em all count. And also from another angle the careless cast gets a black eye. Many fish have been frightened out of good casting spots by a shot in the wrong place. Rather toss the bait, say 30 or 40 feet and land it right, than shoot it 70 feet and land it any old place.

KEEP THE LINE TAUT

Up out of the water and back again is a favorite trick of the bass, and if he lands on a taut line when he flops back, he nearly always makes a getaway.

As he comes up out of the water let your rod straighten out and give him slack, but take it away from him as he strikes the water. Except when a bass breaks water, the line should be taut at all times, and a bend kept in the rod. This spring of the rod is the pressure that eventually tires him while you are playing him. Trying to hurry the fish to the net is often the cause of a lost big one. Give him line when he wants it, but make him fight for it, reeling in at every chance. If you have him out in clean water, away from the weeds and snags of the shallows, give him a bit of line and enjoy a real piece of sport by playing him until he shows his wide side up.

When you bring a fish to net, lead him up to the net head first. Have the net about a foot under water and lead your fish right into it. Don't move the net towards him. That scares a fish into a fight of renewed vigor that will likely end with a lost fish. Keep the net perfectly still and when he is inside raise it with a quick motion into the boat.

WATCH YOUR BAIT

The majority of bass strike an artificial bait the moment it hits the water or as it starts on the way back to the caster, although at times they will strike close up to the boat. This makes it necessary to make a quick transfer of the rod from the right hand to the left and to start reeling in the line as the bait hits the water. This prompt starting of the reel

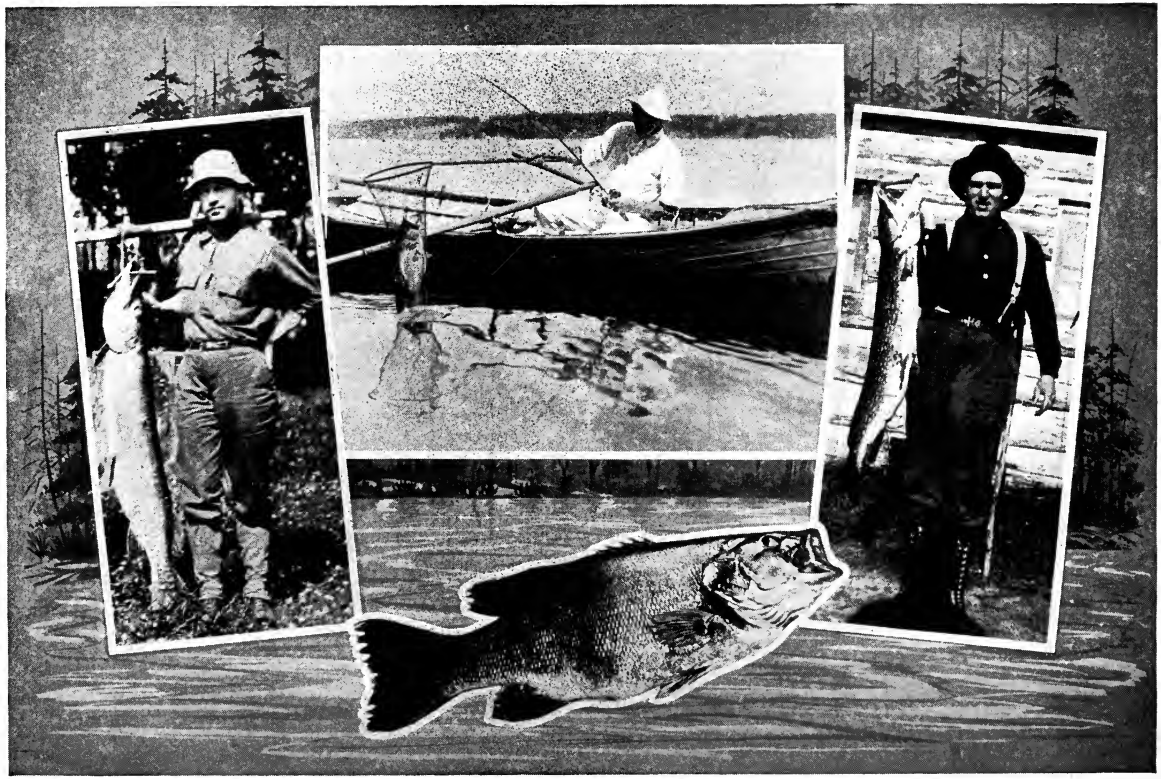
gives you a taut line, and many bass hit the lure with enough force to hook themselves if the line is taut. It also makes your strike more effective. You have a better chance to set the hook firmly with a taut line than to try it with slack. Developing the strike at the right moment is important and skill in starting the reel quickly can be acquired by keeping the eyes on the lure and not on the reel.

LINE WEAKENS AT END

Give the line a thought now and then, Old Man. The wear on the first few feet of a line in a day's casting is considerable and it is a mighty good plan to test it out before starting on the morning's exercise. The heavy artificials give the line a sharp pull at the start, and the friction on the guides and tip soon wear it to a weak spot. Especially for the tail-end fall fishing it is well to be sure of the line. At this time, particularly, the bass seem to be endowed with a line of " pep " and fighting spirit that makes a rotten line easy picking for his lordship. Then again, a worn line is an expensive end of the outfit, as many lures are lost through the line snapping while they are en route to the waiting fish. Test your line before fishing by pulling it between the hands and break off the weak end. As a fish saver this is sure some real dope.

For general all round casting the overhead cast is the best, and it is far more accurate than the side

swipe and not by far as dangerous to your fishing companion. At times when it is advisable to throw a long one, or the natural conditions make it necessary, the side cast can be used to advantage. But for steady casting and placing your bait right, the overhead has 'em all panting for breath.



A few game beauties from Northern Wisconsin, all played and landed on light tackle handled with skill. On the left, Fred H. Farnsworth, of Chicago, with a 37-pound muskellunge, which he landed in the waters of Arbor Vitæ Lake. The rod used was a 5¾-ounce split bamboo and the lure a fairly large sucker.

Upper center, Robert H. Moulton, of Chicago, netting a 7¼-pound large-mouth bass in the Eagle River waters. Mr. Moulton fought this old grand-daddy with a 5-ounce rod and brought him to net unassisted.

On the right, Theodore Nordholm, of Chicago, and a 23-pound pike he landed from Gillette Lake. Nordholm's line was considerably weakened by continued casting and it was necessary for him to play this game fin thirty minutes before he could flop him into the boat. The line later tested out at 8½ pounds on the break. Some skill at the game, old-timer.

Lower center, small-mouth bass, weight 6½ pounds, caught by Walter Marggraf, of Chicago, in the Wisconsin River, at Eagle River. The northern reaches of the Wisconsin River are ideal small-mouth waters.

WHAT MAKES 'EM DO IT

Fishing, like most everything else, has its share of contradictions. Outside of the general run of the game such as bait, plug or fly casting and the method of tossing the lure to the eager fish, you are likely, Old Man, to find the entire deck of rules and regulations passed into the discard by the fish themselves.

Of course, a knowledge of the habits and home life of the different fish, gained through study and observation, gives us a basis upon which we can safely rely in our efforts to entice the big fins to a closer acquaintanceship. At the same time the experiences of fellow anglers add much valuable data upon which to base out campaigns "somewhere on the waters."

With all this dope on the "how" of the game packed away in our gray matter and the tackle box jammed to the lid, with the few extras stuck in the grip, we feel that we have 'em yelping for help before we even hit the steel for the home grounds of the game boys.

MUSKY WITH AN APPETITE

Following rule 'steen hundred or so, we select a nice little shiner about eight inches long for a try at

the musky. Down in our heart we have a sort of feeling that the bait is too large; it looks mighty big in the water. Then the strike, the rapid fight of the wolf of the waters, the landing and finally the hero stuff as you reach camp with a 30-pounder. This is the usual musky story, but along comes Ed. Dressel, a light tackle enthusiast, who hooks a 30-pounder on a small red Jamison bass fly and on landing the musky Ed. is surprised to find the feet and legs of a full-grown mud hen sticking out of the fish's throat. He had not been able to entirely swallow this water-fowl before he took a wallop at a little old bass fly. And what shows him up as a real hog of the first water is the fact that another mud-hen was found in his stomach by the taxidermist who stuffed him.

What makes 'em do it? Here is a musky gorged to the mouth on about 5½ pounds of eats and he meets his Waterloo because he took a crack at a little feathered hook about three inches long. Hunger certainly did not drive him to it, that's a dead sure bet, and a possible explanation is that he hit the fly because his instinct is to attack. Then again, Ed. might have tossed that fly all around him without the musky giving it even so much as a glance.

FULL OF FOOD AND FIGHT

This fighting instinct is not to be credited to the musky alone because it crops out strong in both the

large and small-mouth bass, as well as the pike and pickerel. Recently in a small lake in Michigan a four-pound large-mouth bass was caught on a white Wilson wobbler and this old-timer had a 14-ounce croppie stuck in his mouth. A photograph of this bass shows that his mouth is stretched to the limit and that the job of inhaling the croppie was just about the largest meal he ever attempted. Yet with as much speed and dash as he could manage, with such a mouthful, this bass made a savage attack and succeeded in hooking himself in the side of the mouth. Which seems to point to the fact that the bass strikes not always for hunger, but with the idea of showing that they are the boss of the home waters and resent the approach of the wiggling, wobbling lures as they splash in their locality.

Most musky, pike and pickerel are caught on very small lures. Artificial minnows and plugs ranging from two inches to four inches seem to make the deepest impression on these old barbarians, while more strikes are lost with the larger lures, notwithstanding that they are touted by some tackle dealers as big fish killers. The larger artificials will attract the big ones, but it seems that the fish can get a leverage on the larger lures, while they cannot on the smaller ones. On the larger baits the tail hooks are often torn out by the fish and it appears they are able to shake them loose far more easily than the ordinary bass plug. For general all-round bait cast-

ing, whether you are after these old roughnecks of the weed beds or the gamer scrapper, the bass, you can figure it both ways from the jack that the smaller lure has it all over the larger one.

And spoons, Old Man — can you dope it out why a gray-whiskered musky, victor of many a hard-fought battle, with a mouth like a coal scuttle, will delight in snapping his jaws over a little No. 3 sized spoon hook? Records of the big fellows caught on the spoon during the past season show that the average sized spoon used was around a No. 7, while the largest musky ever known to be caught with a rod, line and reel answered to the flash of a No. 8 spoon. Of course, according to the size of a fish, a fellow dopes out that he needs a big old spoon, around a No. 12 or No. 14, and at that it looks mighty small for the big ones, but the fact remains that the big fellows really go crazy over the medium sized spoons which, twirling around, flash an irresistible invitation to the big fins to come and strike one.

FIFTY LARGE-MOUTH BASS AND HOW THEY CAME TO GAFF

A REVIEW OF THE BAITS, THE TIME AND THE CONDITION OF THE WEATHER WHEN THESE BASS WERE LANDED

What is really the best bass bait is a question that would stagger any fisherman; that is, to give anything more than a general idea of what has been considered the regular old line dope. But giving a line of information based on the experiences of fifty fishermen during a single season, stacks us up against a real bunch of facts and figures that makes good data for our memory book. What color makes the old "he-wop" fighting mad, and at what part of the season is he particularly fond of the chunk of red cedar, the fat juicy pork rind, or the wiggling minnow and frog?

Here's the dope on fifty large-mouth bass weighing from five pounds up to eight and one-half, and it makes the past performance sheet of an "also ran" look like an A-B-C chart. Twenty-two of these bass answered to the call of the artificial wooden plug or bait; nine of them fell for the wiggling pork rind; eight came to gaff through their

desire to gorge on minnows; seven were tempted by the little old green-backed frog; and four cashed in at the flash of the spoon hook.

ARTIFICIAL PLUGS WERE ATTRACTIVE

Of the twenty-two artificial lures, the majority were shaped like a minnow and of an average length of three and three-quarter inches, which is about the standard length of most plugs for bass. As a color that made 'em "see red," the white stands out as an easy winner with eleven to its credit. But the white alone did not do the trick, as eight of these baits had a dash of red; either the head was red or the top or flutes were so painted. A combination of green and white is next, with four to its credit, a mottled green back and white belly forming the general make-up. The rainbow color slips in with two, as does the red, while the yellow plug closes the game with one. From this it looks like good dope to count on the white and red, the green and white, and the rainbow. It is also of interest to know that the green and white combination and the rainbow colors were used in the bright sunlight in exceptionally clear water, while the pure whites and white and reds were more successful in the early and later hours and on the murky days and in rough water. The green and white and rainbow plugs were used in July and August, the whites through the entire season.

PORK RIND ALL-SEASON BAIT

Lots of fishermen have overlooked the plebeian pork rind in the chase after the wily big fins, but now since the high cost of living has shot this old juicy morsel up into the turkey class, it probably will be more popular. It sure has a wiggle that makes the bass cross-eyed to get at it. Of the nine bass that were satisfied with a piece of pork, seven had the assistance of a small piece of red flannel or yarn to excite the curiosity of the fish, and six were rigged up with a small spinner or spoon in front of the pork rind. The pork rind bait was used right through the season, being particularly effective during July and August when the bass are generally in the deep holes except in the early morning or late night feeding. The wise ones will be sure to carry a bottle of pork rind in the tackle-box, for the days when the bass turn up their nose at most any kind of a bait you offer them. Toss a little pork to 'em when you are trying to dope out the right menu for the bronze-backer.

NATURAL BAITS FOR HOT WEATHER

The minnow, one of the natural foods of the bass, brought eight of these old-timers to the net, and the months of July and August, which are conceded to be the months that test the skill of the bass fisherman, were the ones in which the minnow was most

effective. This, however, does not prove that the minnow is not a tempting bait during the rest of the season, as it is the general thing to use the artificials early and late in the season, at which time they are mighty attractive lure, although early in the morning and late at night and for night fishing the artificials are great little casting lures during July and August. Of the minnows, the silver shiner or dace seemed to be the one that tickled the palate of the bass, probably the flash of its silvery sides making an invitation too strong for the big fins to resist. The mud minnow, with its yellowish golden tint and husky constitution, was second choice, with the river or creek chub closing the balloting. The silver shiner is a fine bait for any time or condition of water and is particularly good on dark and cloudy days and when the water is rough or murky. The chub is a winner on bright days and in clear and still water, while the mud minnow is a lively cuss and is on the job every minute he is in the water. For a lively wiggler, the mud minnow has the rest of the minnow family standing still. Three of these minnows had casting spoons rigged on the hook to help the game along. Three of the bass were caught in the shallows and five coaxed out of the deep water by letting the minnow sink after the cast and then reeling in the bait slowly a foot or so from the bottom. Taking the minnow from any angle, it is a good bass bait, but no doubt was not

used as much as the other lures, owing to the fact that it is hard to procure at times and is not as handy as the plug or pork rind. For deep-water fishing when the bass seem off the feed it has no equal.

FROGS GOOD FOR WEED-BEDS

To the hopping little green-backed, white-bellied frog, eight bass passed the time of day and were hooked for their curiosity, and again July and August stand out as the months in which this natural food made the strongest appeal to the bass. Three of the frogs were dressed up with a little piece of red flannel and five of the fish were taken from weed beds and three from alongside of logs and windfalls. In the late season fishing in August the cast was made right into the weeds and the frog given a chance to sink a bit, then slowly reeled in, then another slow-up, and so on until the waiting bass struck him in his slow move among the weeds. Of course a weedless hook was used in most cases and on three of the frogs a small spoon was carried as a special inducement to the bass.

The flash of the spoon was the swan song of four of the bass and one of these was an eight-and-one-half-pounder. This old granddaddy bass had passed his palmy days in a quarry hole, as clear and cool as any North Woods spring-fed lake, and the fisherman who was skillful enough to land this whopper had tried out everything in the bait line,

from grasshoppers and minnows down to a dozen plugs without even getting a swirl. He took a final chance on a No. 6 spoon with a trebled bucktail hook, and the first cast brought a short strike, while the second cast with the spoon was struck like a 42-centimeter shell. August and September were the months in which these four bass were landed. Some credit is also due the spoon from the fact that it was used with other baits. There is nothing that makes a piece of pork rind more attractive than a very small spoon, about a No. 3, and it is also very effective when used in conjunction with the frog or minnow.

FALL FISHING WELL IN LEAD

As to the time of the season when these fifty big fellows were caught, September stands out as a leader with thirteen. The run of the catch in the other months stacks up May three, June six, July ten, August eleven, and October seven. However, the majority of the followers of the call of the lake and stream take their main fishing trip during July, August, or September, and this in a way accounts for the big lead of the months of July and August, which are noted as hot-weather fishing-days that often give the bass the "off-the-feed" feeling. Early season bass-fishing is by far the best, although the fall fishing runs it a close second as the days of real bass sport with rod and reel. And at that,

after the water has cooled a bit, the added ginger in the fighting qualities of the bass makes the late season fishing stand out as the one best bet in the game of enticing the old seasoned veteran out of his home waters.

Dividing the twenty-four fishing-hours of the day into four sections, the morning hours from 4 A. M. to 9 A. M. carry off the largest number of fish, seventeen being pegged up for that period, with the time from 4 P. M. to 9 P. M. nosing in a close second with sixteen on the scoreboard. Night casting comes in for a nice little honor, the period from 9 P. M. to 4 A. M. showing ten bass, while the mid-day fishing from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. lands seven. It was an easy bet that the early morning and late afternoon fishing would cop the main event, as that is the time most of the fellows make their greatest drive, but it is pleasing to note that the night fishing ran strong. No doubt the night game would have made a better showing had that period included some of the later hours of the four to nine period which practically come under the night casting. An interesting fact is that eight of these bass caught during the night were landed in August, and this seems to prove that the bass feed more at night during the hot " dog days " than at any other time of the day. Another little tip that is worth remembering is that the bass caught during the mid-day period were, with the exception of one lone bass, taken on live bait, either the min-

now or frog. The artificial lure which coaxed the sleepy, lazy bass into striking during his mid-day siesta was a little two-inch copper enameled underwater minnow that was cast out over a sand bar. It was allowed to sink and then reeled slowly across the bar.

Shooting a glance across the dope sheet we find that the artificial lures have a big lead, with the most popular color a white with a dash of red. The live natural food of the bass, the minnows and frogs, make a fine showing in the hot weather months, when it takes some work to land 'em while the small spoon makes a hit as a helper by adding to the attractiveness of some of the other baits. The early and late day fishing have a nice lead while September puts the fall fishing at the head of the class.

The bass, Old Timer, is a queer cuss and at the same time he is about as wise as any fish that wags a tail. To get him in any waters you have to study those waters and locate his home grounds. Keep your bait in the water and keep it moving, and whatever bait you are using, give it a fair try-out before you change to another. A fellow can kill more good fishing time changing baits than most any other way, and the casts you lose probably are the ones the big fins miss.

THE MUSKY

Have you back-heeled your rod on a musky
  And fought him an hour without pause,
On a silk-line that wasn't too husky —
  That wirelessed the smash of his jaws?

Have you felt of him down in there crashing,
  And gave him the slack when he came
To the top like a meteor flashing,
  Dead-weary, but sullen and game!

Have you sensed his wild scurries diminish
  Except for a half-hearted flare,
As you nursed him along to the finish —
  You've done it! Well, partner, you're there!

— *Albert Jay Cook.*

FIFTY MUSKY AND HOW THEY CAME TO GAFF

A REVIEW OF THE BAITS, THE TIME OF THE YEAR AND DAY AND THE WEATHER CONDITIONS WHEN THESE BIG FINS WERE LANDED

Cut the cards, Old Scout, because we're going to sit-in for a few hands with the musky, the livest big fin of the inland waters. And beginning with the

" openers," we sure have to keep our eyes on the game or the wiley old rascal will make a get-away with the kitty. Many sure-enough fishermen, who have never had the undiluted pleasure of bringing a man's-sized musky to gaff, tilt the nose skyward at some of the tales brought from the musky country and for that reason half has never been told about this game old boy.

From experience we find that the musky has a varied menu and one of all sizes. Also that he is willing to go more than half way in the matter of accommodating the angler by striking most anything tossed to him. He never travels in a crowd but is a lone hunter, and his favorite spots are over submerged weed beds, off the edge of weed beds, water lilies or the grasses that grow in the water. Alongside of a submerged rock he will wait on the lookout for passing fish, then with a lightning dart he swirls out, closes his jaws on the feed and swims back to his hangout, there to gorge it, ready in a minute to make another dash to fill the feed-bag. The musky always strikes a lure or fish sideways and he strikes with plenty of force, often nosing a plug way up in the air when he strikes short.

WHAT THE BIG FINS FALL FOR

To the fellow who has never muskied much, but who has a deep buried ambition to take a wallop at this end of the game, and also the every-day

musky enthusiast, the following line of info gathered from the experiences of fifty of the boys who landed musky weighing from twenty to sixty-one pounds, will make mighty good dope to paste on the inside of your tackle box, and, incidentally save you from packing a line of whopping big spoons and lures in the outfit when you make your initial attempt at a close-up view of this old barbarian in his home waters.

For many years the general method of coaxing the musky to gaff has been trolling, with fairly stiff and strong tackle, but the swan song of these fifty big fins indicates that the light tackle and casting are coming to the front as the real sporting game for musky. Against twenty-two caught by trolling, there looms up twenty-eight caught by casting, and a majority of six is not at all bad for an end of the game that is practically new. And of those landed through casting, seventeen checked in on steel rods, nine on bait casting split bamboo, while two had the extreme honor of being fought to a finish with light bamboo fly rods.

Do you get the drift, Old Timer, of the fight these musky made on the off end of a six-ounce fly rod? It's a man's-sized job to land a musky on fairly strong tackle, but to trim one in on a little old whippy fly rod surely calls for clever work and skill against the brute strength and cunning of the musky. Fifty minutes of wonderful fight was the record of one of

these fly rod battles of tackle skill against musky wile before the old dog would say "uncle." To that kind of sport I doff the lid, it's sure some fighting, boy, some fighting.

Of the baits and lures dished up to these favored fifty, we find that twenty-one took a chance on the spoon, thirteen preferred artificial plugs, eight ended it all on suckers or shiners, four were introduced to Mr. Frog, two took the pork chunk (without the beans) and two fell for the bass fly and spinner.

CASTING FOR MUSKY POPULAR

As trolling in the past has been the accepted manner of going after musky, so has the spoon been considered the lure de luxe. But in digging into the matter we find that only fifteen of the twenty-one fish caught on the spoon were landed through trolling, the other six being caught by casting. In size the spoon sure takes a drop from what most innocent bystanders consider the right tool for the work. The largest spoon used was a No. 12 and the smallest a No. 3, the general average being a No. 7. And the largest musky of the lot, the 61-pounder, was caught on a No. 8 spoon with a large sized frog hooked on to the trebled hooks. In stocking up the tackle box for the season keep the spoons down to the smaller sizes and you'll sure find more use for the stringer. The great big affairs are not of any use and besides that they take up room in the tackle

box and go at excess baggage rates, to say nothing of the fact that guides often get a quiet laugh out of an inspection of a musky kit. As to the finish of the spoons, thirteen were nickel, five brass and three copper.

Of the artificial or wooden plugs, three were of large size while ten were the ordinary bass casting baits. In the matter of colors, the white with red trimmings comes in with five, the rainbow has three to its credit, perch color two, with a scattering of one each to the other colors. As with the bass, it seems that the white with the touch of red makes the lure that caused 'em to hop right up and say "howdy boys."

BLACK SUCKER A FAVORITE

The black sucker was the favorite natural bait, with a record of five, while the shiner pegs along with two and the perch also two, the size of these baits ranging from six to nine inches. And by the way, when suckers and shiners are hard to get, just take a sharp knife and cut off the dorsal fin from a fair-sized perch and try that out as a musky bait. Cutting off the fin doesn't hurt the perch, nor does it take any of the wiggle out of him.

The frog doesn't line up very strong in the lay-out, mainly because he is not used so much for the big fellows (incidentally, each of the four frogs that trapped these musky had a spoon geared on in front

of it to help matters along) and the pork chunk probably hits it up on low, to the tune of two fish for the same reason, very few of the boys feeding it to the hungry musky — they prefer it themselves a la Heinz. For the fellow who has the pep to take a whirl with the fly rod, the dope shows that the weighted red Ibis bass fly with a No. 3 spoon was the rig that made the two big fins take a chance on the fly. And who in the outfit would ever think a great big overgrown musky, with a mouth like a coal scuttle, would even take a passing glance at a little red bass fly, let alone strike it?

As to the time of the season when the musky is most eager to give battle, September leads with fifteen, July twelve, August ten, June eight, and October five. Of course as early as June there are not, as a rule, as many fishermen out after the musky as in July or August, and the same thing stands for September. Without a doubt, June is a better month for musky than either July or August and they show almost as snappy a fight in that month as they do in September or October, when the colder waters have shot into them a streak of pep that gives a kick to their tails like the off hind leg of an army mule.

MOUTH IN POOR SHAPE

About the middle of August the musky loses his teeth, and his mouth is in such shape that it takes something mighty aggravating to arouse enough

anger to make him forget his sore molars and strike. There have been some beautiful arguments started among the fishermen who are still in the pan fish stage of the game through the statement that the musky loses his teeth each year; however, as late as September tenth of last season I examined three musky caught on that day and in the mouth of each was a new set of sharp-edged teeth, firmly set, while hanging loosely in the back were still the remains of the old teeth which had not entirely parted company with their owners. This was later than usual for the old teeth to remain, as they are generally gone by the first week in September and at times slightly earlier than that. No doubt this law of nature is the same one that governs the shedding of the skin of the snake and the renewing of the horns of the deer. At the same time of the year when the musky is changing his teeth the pickerel or pike have a swelling of the gums that puts them out of the fighting game until the gums go back to normal. The gums of the pike will often swell clear over the teeth and they are very much inflamed and sore, making eating some painful work.

These conditions during the latter part of August take the muskies off their feed, but when the mouth is in good shape again they are more than anxious to make up for the last time in filling the feed-bag to excess. This hungry condition and the fine feeling mouth, together with the pep gained from the

colder bracing water, surely endows them with more energy than during the warmer months and assures the "Muskyteer" of a game antagonist during September and October. The fact that only five of the fifty were caught in October does not stand against this month, as few of the boys enjoy the unalloyed pleasure of fishing for musky in this month, at which time he is there with a keen, clear brain and a well developed tailful of tricks that would make a poker shark look like an amateur.

OVERCAST DAY IS THE BEST

Weather conditions varied greatly when these fifty muskies lined up for the roll of honor. The day was cloudy or overcast when nineteen connected up with the hook, clear day, sixteen; bright sunny day, eight; raining, five; and two were caught while it was snowing. As to the water on these days, eighteen were caught on comparatively still water or slightly ruffled, twenty-two when the water was ruffled or broken, and ten were landed in rough water with considerable wind blowing. When the water is slightly roughened by the wind and breaking in small waves, or on an overcast or cloudy day, makes good musky weather, although he may surprise you in any kind or style of weather and strike your lure while you are loafing along into shore to make landing for the noonday grub, trolling a line along, of course, for just such an emergency strike.

The time of the day did not seem to cut much figure in the layout as three periods, morning, mid-day and afternoon fishing, run about even. Morning fishing, from 7 until 11, heads the days sports with eighteen, while both mid-day fishing, from 11 A. M. until 3 P. M., and afternoon fishing, from 3 P. M. until 9, get credit for sixteen each. The majority of the fish caught in the morning and afternoon were landed by casting while trolling was the method most used during the mid-day fishing. It is interesting to note that in August, the month in which the musky is least active, all the fish caught came to grief in the early morning or late afternoon. However, as the great number of these fish were caught on the overcast days or days without much sun, the mid-day period shows up very well for the musky fishing. Although as a general thing fishing is better during the early and late hours of the day, on an overcast or cloudy day there is no reason why it should not be good during the whole day, especially if the surface of the water is a bit on edge.

RIVER MUSKY A FIGHTER

The home waters of thirty-eight of these fifty roughnecks were located in lakes and twelve were raised in the rivers or streams. And right here I want to chalk up a little dope; the river-raised musky is a mighty husky proposition to handle for he's on the move more than his lake brother, in his daily

skirmish for feed, and his continual kick against the current makes him a mighty active cuss when you connect up with him. In fact it takes just a little keener work with the tackle to land him, and nine times out of ten he is a tiger musky, which is sure some fighter to handle on light tackle. I think the river chap is just a bit more foxy and quick to avail himself of the natural advantages of the getaway, such as underwater logs, snags, etc., than the laker, as he usually travels a certain stretch of river year in and year out and gets fairly well acquainted with every avenue of escape. I know one old villain who has been kicking around at a certain bend in the Wisconsin River three years, and next season, or some following season, I hope to land him. Twice he gave me the once over and departed at his leisure, and I sure hand him the credit of knowing his home trails and being able to take care of himself after dark.

EAGLE RIVER WATERS HOME OF MUSKY

Thirty-six of these musky were caught in Wisconsin waters, eight were taken from the St. Lawrence waters, four from lower Canadian waters, and two from Minnesota. Wisconsin stands out as the real home of the musky and the Eagle River waters, from which the majority of these game boys were taken, is certainly a wonderful breeding ground for his lordship. The lakes in the Eagle River waters seem to have just the right formation under-

water to make a happy hunting ground for the musky, and they are as plentiful there now as in the early days, in fact they appear to be on the increase.

Taking a slant over the deck, we find that the spoon is in the lead as a musky lure, with the artificial plug coming strong. And as more use is made of the regular-sized bass plugs for musky casting, its a good bet that they will keep on coming stronger each year, until the smaller plug is recognized as being as much of a lure for musky as it is for bass. The white, with a dash of red, and the rainbow colors seem to be the favorites among the artificials while the sucker, shiner and perch show up well as natural baits. Going light for musky in the way of tackle has the chair and the usual bass casting outfit, with a little heavier test line, makes the game one of real sport. The ideal day for the big fellows is one in which the sun has been backed off the boards with the surface of the water doing a "Salome." Any of the open months look pretty good, and with the right kind of weather, Old Man, you ought to be able to connect up with the livest bunch of wiggle that has ever been concentrated into a single fresh-water fish. Here's to the musky, the Villa of the weed-beds! May he live long and die fighting — and when he does, you'll recall many a time the chills that raced up your spine when he first broke water and you lamped his size and caught the gleam of his cruel eye.

FROM STRIKE TO GAFF

BEING THE SWAN SONG OF SOME BIG FISH TOLD BY THEIR CAPTORS

There is probably no angle of the game that will give one a better insight into the habits of the different fish in their effort to evade the landing net or gaff, than the stories of how these fish were actually landed. As fishing editor of the Chicago *Herald,* and especially while handling the game fishing contests held by that newspaper, I have had the pleasure of reading the obituaries of some of the largest fish caught with rod and reel. Without a doubt, much can be learned from the experience of others and for that reason I have selected a few of these stories of the landing of large and small-mouth bass, muskellunge, pike and wall-eyed pike, which I feel sure will give one an idea of what to expect from the game fins.

One point that makes these stories particularly interesting is the fact that they are not written by what might be termed professional fishermen, but are the stories of the ordinary every-day sportsman, who fishes when he gets the chance, while a few of

Fine bass waters among the lily pads and bog brush. A three pounder was hooked alongside of the log in the lower pocket, and two were taken on three casts from the pocket between the two clumps of bog brush. The bass sure like to feed among the underwater branches and roots of the bog brush, and to get 'em you have to place the plug accurately and close into the edge of the growth.

Among the windfalls and logs the bass are right at home and they have a habit of lying alongside and under these natural retreats. The leaning pine throws a fine shadow over the water and there is just enough break to the surface to make ideal casting. The bass must be quickly worked out to deeper water or he is sure to wrap the line around a windfall and make a getaway. Two bass were taken out of this cosy corner and one lost on a snag.

them are by keen fellows who are just breaking into the game.

FINDS BIG ONE IN QUARRY HOLE

Very few fishermen have the honor of landing a large-mouth bass that has accumulated the weight of 8½ pounds. When bass arrive at that weight they generally are so wise and sagacious that they die of old age. To match wits with a bass of this size was the good fortune of I. C. Fitts of Evanston, Illinois, and the battle took place in the cool, clear waters of an abandoned quarry hole, the last place some of the boys would expect to find a real man's-sized bass. I. C. passes out the thrills as follows:

"There are acres of old abandoned quarries about a mile southeast of Joliet that have filled with cold, clear water from neighboring brooks and springs. These holes are of all shapes and sizes and deep or shallow as the huge machinery has dug them. The sides are piled high with rubble or stone unfit for use, but these banks are covered with a generous growth of willows, keeping the pools from getting too hot, even in the hottest sun.

"The one our old 'Warrior' picked for his stamping ground is locally known as Clear Lake quarry, and lives up to its name in every respect, being a clear, blue pond with high banks and perhaps ten or fifteen feet of water in the deepest hole. That nice bass were in this hole could be told any

evening by seeing them jump for flies or coming up into sight during the day to bask in the sun. The next problem was a bait they would take. Grasshoppers swarmed about the adjoining banks and minnows were so thick that the bass would turn tail and leave their customary food as though insulted if offered one.

STRIKES ON NO. 8 SPOON

"September 1, if you remember, was a rainy, nasty, no-account day, that brought on the tired feeling people so often complain of in the spring, and, being no exception to the rule, I strung up the old casting outfit of musky fame in Wisconsin waters in preparation of a little try for some fish.

"Having arrived at the quarries with grasshoppers and plenty of artificial bait I started out with a fine hopper and fished as though my life depended on it with no sign of any results. They were full of them. A change of bait is the only remedy a fisherman has to rely on if they won't bite and I had just finished putting on a No. 8 South Bend Bucktail Spoon when the 'Old Boy' expressed his high state of feeling by breaking water two or three times in rapid succession. Needless to say I was with him right off and skittered the spoon from a slanting rock on the opposite side of the pool.

"You could accuse anybody of meddling with the truth if he tried to tell you how fast that fish got

over there but he almost broke himself in two, connecting up with the bait and right there my heart sank; he missed it. I did not say much, mainly, because there was no one around to say it to but they would hang me for writing what I thought. All this cloud passed over directly the next cast had nicely settled and he hit again in dead earnest.

"Things began to happen fast, and for the next few minutes he was the most disagreeable bass I ever had anything to do with. He cut fancy circles around the pond for fully ten minutes without results and then headed for a bunch of old timbers over in the far corner. The tackle twisted around as though it had hooked into an express train and I sure would have been minus a fish if he had not suddenly changed his mind and come straight in toward me. For the first time, I gained line on him a little and he sulked the rest of the way in to within six or eight feet of shore. About that time I got over the excitement well enough to wade out and bring home the bacon. Sweet odors from the spider that evening told plainly what had happened down at the quarries the day about 10 o'clock and in memory of the event there is a nice head mounted in my room."

FOUR A. M. AND A SIX-POUNDER

At the tail end of July, while the mercury was hitting the high spots, George Berghammer of Mil-

waukee, Wisconsin, landed a six-pound, large-mouth bass while fishing at four o'clock in the morning, at which time the fish are usually on the feed, the heat later in the day driving them to the deep holes from which they are particularly hard to coax with any kind of bait or lure. Here are a few words from George on his bass:

"I landed this bass in the Wolf River at Fremont, Wisconsin. It is the largest bass I ever have caught and it sure made some fight before I netted it. The bass from the Wolf River are scrappers and this one was no exception. He took the frog, hook and all, and after playing with it for a while headed for the weeds. Then he found out he was hooked and turned on the line, got a little slack and hopped out of the water clear into the air for a shake that certainly showed his strength. I made the reel sing and jerked him 'off his feet' before he loosened the hook. I played him for about thirty-five minutes and it was some sport. He made other breaks out of the water, but none like the first."

Many fellows might overlook one lone rush sticking up out of the water as the lounging place of a six-and-a-half-pound, large-mouth bass, but not so C. E. Peterson of Chicago, who cast his lure alongside of a solitary old rush and was rewarded with an exciting few minutes before he landed his prize, and the following story shows that it pays to keep the eyes open:

JIM DANDY FOR HOT WEATHER

"Who said that the bass would not bite in July? It was the morning of July 7 when I looked from my window on to Long Lake, a small quiet lake in Wisconsin. Quiet because it was low and surrounded by wooded banks which keep the wind from disturbing its mirror-like surface. The water was reflecting the hot sun heat waves, but it was not too hot for me, as I knew it was the day I would make good. It was a shame to push the boat into the water to disturb its quietude, but it was fish I was after, not scenery. The once-over of the tackle and I was on my way casting here and there looking for likely spots where I thought Mr. Bass would be lurking. Giving my boat a push I saw a lonely rush protruding a few inches above the surface. I had a hunch that Mr. Bass was fanning himself with his nose up against this rush. Dropping my Jim Dandy bait alongside, the rush moved, the water opened, and Mr. Bass was hooked. Up in the air he went shaking himself to break loose and I shaking myself together for the one play of my life. Down he goes to the bottom, then for a long run; then up in the air again. The combination of tackle and muscle was too much for him, and alongside he came. A quick movement of the hand and he was mine. There he lay quivering from exhaustion and I shaking from excitement. A whopping big bass was all my own."

From a fine weed-bed, the natural feeding grounds of the large-mouth bass, Joseph T. Galliker of Chicago coaxed a six-pound six-ounce big fellow during the tail end of September. This bass was caught in a lake that has been fished for years and is considered very " civilized " waters:

CAST INTO WEED POCKETS

" I was right in the center of a fine weed-bed, shooting the Bass-areno plug into the pockets and openings. I had just made a fairly long cast into a pocket and was beginning to reel in when this old " he-wop " hit the bait like a dick walloping a second-story artist. As soon as I struck him he beat it for his home weed-bed, and it took some thumb pressure to hold him as he started away as though he had a date at the far end of the lake. He then settled on the bottom and sulked, tugging away like a bull pup. I gave him the butt, a bit, and he made a run for the surface, breaking water in a wonderful jump. Failing to shake the plug lose, he made a swing around a bunch of weeds and then headed for the boat. I had to speed up some to get in the slack before he broke water again. It was sure a beautiful fight in among the weeds, but eighteen minutes of it was enough for the Old Timer, and, as I brought him up to the boat, his final flops were the last efforts of a worn out warrior."

During a snow storm late in September, Albert

Jay Cook of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, tried his luck at McNaughton, Wisconsin, and from the cold waters of Black Lake landed a five-pound fifteen-ounce, small-mouth bass. To land a small-mouth of this size is a mighty pleasant task and little does the true fisherman care whether it is snowing, raining, blowing or what not, if he can match his angling skill with the keen trickery of a grown-up small-mouth. Here is the yarn A. J. spins about his polar-bear bass:

COLD WEATHER BASS SHOWS SPEED

"Swish! Out of the weed-bed he whip-lashed like a cupro-nosed perforator from an automatic 25. Then Zing! I thought for a moment that I had been transferred in some unbelievable manner to the Baltic Sea and had struck a submarine torpedo endowed with life.

"To begin at the beginning. It had been a bad two weeks. The underwater plants, late for the season, were in full bloom. Rain all the time and the last three days freezing, with three snowstorms on the side. A few casts from the boat, with the icy, spray-coated wind swirling over the choppy lake, and then a return cabinward, with frosted toes, fingers and language and the casting thumb almost rubbed to the bone.

"The evening before the last day of our stay I had picked up a curious, sharklike artificial minnow.

It interested me, this Pflueger-surprise minnow, as I twirled it back and forth in the shadows of the flickering cabin light, I must have a try with it, I decided.

"So on this, the afternoon of the last day, I and my brother, Byron V., who had captured several nice specimens of the genus bass and had been expressing extreme pity on me in a sarcastic way, pushed off from the wharf. We tore across the lake to a juicy bay, from which we had harvested several beauties a few days before. I sat in the stern idly casting my minnow toward the weed-beds, until my hands and disposition felt like plank slabs.

"As brothers in a boat sometimes do, we were placing cutting remarks where they would fit; my remarks anent his rowing were extremely polite, but if I do say it myself, they cut deeper than the snowy gale that was blowing. He complimented me beautifully on my angling ability, with a hoarse sardonic laugh which tingled into me like a harpoon. I was slowly reeling in my line, indulging in repartee, when it happened. It struck!

TWENTY MINUTES OF RUSHING BATTLE

"It is strange how soon temperatures change in northern Wisconsin. One minute it is below freezing and then it jumps to summer heat; and believe me, when that old fish began to patter through his bagful of tricks the mercury spurted from the top of

the thermometer like Old Faithful geyser. He took the line as though he had an afternoon tea date at the North Pole; then he came back strong, broke water and decided to dine with the penguins around Punta Arenas before 6 P. M. However, with the aid of my own will power and some pressure brought to bear in high political places, the old " he-wop " decided to travel toward the center of the lake, away from the windfalls and weeds.

" For twenty minutes the bass rehearsed everything he had learned in his own lifetime and the things he had learned from his father and mother before him. He cut under the boat and broke water twenty feet on the other side. He slipped to the bottom to rub the curious little minnow with the sting from his mouth. He backed away, doubled on his tracks like a red fox, flopped a foot out of water into the snow-swirl; and finally, after one of the gamest fights I have ever had or seen, gave up the battle and died like a true hero fighting to the death. Softly I reeled him in, and, as we had no landing net, my brother reached into the water and lifted him out. For a moment we looked at him quivering at the bottom of the boat, and instinctively we raised our hats to one of the gamest fish in the world."

ARTIFICIAL WINS OVER LIVE BAIT

Gerald C. Burd of Brooklyn while fishing in Lake Court O'rielles, Wisconsin, on a hot July day landed

a fine 5-pound 2-ounce, small-mouth bass that gave an interesting account of itself. Following the usual dope Gerald first tried the game with live bait, but not being successful he switched to a Heddon's Dowagiac and on the third cast the big one struck — but here is the way Gerald tells it:

"We had pulled across from our shack on the east shore of the lake and anchored in a small sheltered inlet. For a time I tried still fishing with live minnows, but with indifferent success, then changed tackle and began to cast. Twice I reeled in without result, and then a third time the bait arched through the air and struck the water with a splash. It was instantly followed by another splash which told me that there was a fine scrap ahead, for the instant I set the hook the big fellow broke water, standing on his tail and shaking his massive body until the hooks fairly rang against each other.

"There was a long rush, followed by a still longer sulking spell from which I almost despaired of bringing him, but finally the strain ceased and he came very nicely to the boat. Then I made the mistake of attempting to net him too soon and the fight was renewed with vigor.

"After seven or eight minutes which were full of thrills, he again came to the boat only to make a dive under it. I lowered the tip of my rod and let him go though, as I was afraid he was fast loosening the

hook. But after a final leap and a rush he came in, golden side up in token of submission, and was easily netted."

SPOON INTERESTS THIS MUSKY

The muskellunge is as tricky a fish as you will find among the entire finny tribe and he isn't a bit bashful when it comes to taking advantage of the slightest opportunity to display his skill at parting company with the hook. For main strength he has no equal among the fresh-water fish, and with light tackle it takes keen work to land him. Judge H. T. Ames of Minocqua, Wisconsin, writes the following facts about the landing of a thirty-two pounder at which he officiated:

"We had tried them out on the live minnows and frogs without even a swirl. It was some hot the afternoon of July 25 on Lake Mandaline, Minocqua, Wisconsin, where I landed this old fellow, and we did not blame the fish for lying low. We were making about two knots an hour, our spoons out about fifty feet, spinning in a nervous, flopping way caused by the irregular movement of the boat with its makeshift oarlocks.

"The musky struck with a vicious dart, his dorsal fin cutting the water like that of a man-eater. I brought him to a right-about with a jerk of the rod and the main show opened up with a fine break from

the water. Just then I changed seats with my partner and the old rascal took advantage of me and made a run with about fifty feet more of line, and then straight down to the bottom, which is a mass of weeds in Lake Mandaline. He rooted down under what seemed to be a ton of weeds as I cleared them off the line and worked him into the open water. I had him within fifteen yards of the boat when he made a leap of at least six feet up into the air and shook himself like an angry bull-pup, making the No. 7 Skinner spoon rattle like a telephone bell as it pounded a tattoo on his teeth.

"As I took in the slack he made jump after jump out of the water and he darted and plunged in all kinds of figures trying to snag the line. It was a furious fight for nearly an hour before I could bring him to gaff. My pard made an honest effort to gaff the big fellow, but only succeeded in scraping his side, which livened him up for a spurt that tore fifty feet of line off my reel. I worked him alongside again and with the rod in the left hand gave him the gaff myself.

"With one last effort for freedom he shook with force enough to break the gaff hook, but he dropped into the boat and I closed in on him for a little personal embrace. I caught this musky with a No. 7 Skinner spoon hook, a silk musky line and an old Bristol rod, that is really a veteran, and a much older and very dilapidated tournament casting reel."

HATS OFF, MUSKY ON FLY ROD

To land a musky on fly tackle, the most delicate of fishing equipment, is a job that probably only the most seasoned veteran would attempt. One slip in judging the moves of the musky or shooting on the thumb pressure at the wrong moment would mean a smashed rod. For an all-round thriller, V. Deane Reese of Columbus, Ohio, certainly staged a five-reeler when he hooked a fourteen-pound musky and played him for fifty minutes before he could bring him to gaff. Here is the story of this battle of light tackle vs. musky wile as told by the winner:

" I always had a hankering to land a big fish, particularly a musky, on a fly rod, but never anticipated one quite so large as the chap I'm writing you about. I was camping on No Man's Lake with my fishing partner, Dr. Okey, who handled the paddle during the fight. I had raised one musky, which probably weighed eight pounds, but evidently had not set the hook deep enough in his mouth, as he threw it the first jump out of the water. This gave me the tip to set it deeper next time, as the hook was very small and the musky has a tough mouth.

" We paddled over to a shallow bar in the middle of the lake, and I started casting with a No. 2-O Buck-tail fly, fastened on a No. 1 Hildebrandt spinner, which was as large a lure as I was able to cast with the light fly rod. This big fish came out of the

weeds and took the fly just like a trout. I set the hook as firmly as I could and told the doctor to row out into the deep.

MAKES A THREE FOOT BREAK

"The musky leaped out of the water at least three feet and the fight was on. He continued to break water from time to time as I worked him in. Toward the end, however, his efforts to rise from the water were mighty weak and he hardly raised his nose above the surface. He made two runs for the boat, and once I felt sure he would right angle my rod, which was a nine and a half footer, and snap it before we could get the boat around.

"At times I held considerable arch to the rod, but gave him the tip quite a lot and worked the rod with the musky through most of the fight. At no time did I feel that I would lose him, but before the fifty minutes were over I was about as tired as the musky.

"Early in the fight I felt a little shaky on the line question as I only had on about seventy-five feet, and when he started on his runs I had to put strong pressure on the line to get him out of the notion of going too far. My right thumb soon rubbed to the quick and I finished the fight with my left hand, in fact, it was necessary from time to time to change the rod, as my arm became tired.

"Musky fishing with a six-ounce fly rod may not

be a sport indulged in by many of the boys, but for a pack of tingling thrills and moments requiring quick thought give me a musky on the lightest of tackle."

RIVER MUSKY FULL OF PEP

The river musky seems to put up a gamer fight than one of equal size caught in lake waters. Especially is this so when the river waters have a swift current. Every minute of his life the river musky has to fight the current in his hunt for food, and this daily battle against the swift waters gives him a wonderfully developed set of fins and a kick in his tail that compares favorably with the driving power of the off hind leg of an army mule. J. C. Knudtson of Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, landed a 35-pound musky from the swirling white waters below the falls, and here are the facts about the thirty-minute nerve-tingling scrap:

"All good things come my way on or about the 20th of the month, and when this date stole around in August I slipped down to the Chippewa River one morning before daylight, armed to the teeth with tackle, for a shot at the famous green muskies that feed below the falls. I fished from shore, casting my Heddon's Dowagiac Wiggler out into the rapids and reeling it in across a mighty promising looking eddy. After a few unsuccessful efforts, which I chalked up to practice, I felt a mighty lunge that

stiffened up my line and almost doubled my Bristol No. 25 which, by the way, is some light rod for a musky battle. Then a drive straight across the river that cut the line through the water with a zip. I let him take about seventy feet, then put on the brakes, when up out of the water he came with a sudden sharp jump that nearly caught me with a slack, and he did a shake I never thought a musky had in his body. He had probably been hooked before, because he tried every trick I had ever heard a musky had in his system, from the corkscrew twist to the double jump, but he was hooked right, and I held him down under a stiff line.

" Four times I almost had him to gaff against his wishes, but each time he gingered up and made another effort to break away. At last I played him out and brought him in white side up and I was sure proud as I slipped my fingers under his gills and lifted him ashore, a fine specimen of the gamest of muskies, the famous dark green musky of the ' old Chippewa.' "

LANDS BIG PIKE ON WEAK LINE

The pike, so commonly called pickerel by many fishermen, is a close relation to the musky and although he doesn't make the spectacular fight that his husky cousin does, he can give a good account of himself. When hooked in the cooler waters in the fall, he has an added bunch of pep that places him

right up in the game class. Theodore Nordholm of Chicago landed a 23-pound pike early in October on a line that tested out at eight and a half pounds at the break, which is sure some fishing and stacks up well with the clever work of the cotton thread anglers of Long Island. The "how" of landing this large pike is modestly told by Theodore:

"We sure struck it cold for our fishing trip to Gillette Lake, at Mountain, Wisconsin. It was a blustery and rainy day with snow flurries and my pal and I were loafing around the cabin trying to keep warm. But the fishing fever had us and we decided to take a flyer around the lake.

"Striking a nice bunch of lily pads, I warmed up with a few casts in among 'em. The fourth throw of my Jamison Mascot brought a strike that sure had weight behind it, but I only held him a few seconds before he broke away. I must have scared him a bit, because repeated casts failed to interest him, so we went around the lake.

"I could not get that old man out of my mind, however, and I knew he was a big one from the pull he handed me the few moments I had him hooked. I insisted on giving him another chance, so we let the boat drift in to the spot where I had lost him.

STRIKES WITH A PUNCH

"I made a cast in where I thought he ought to be and sure enough he landed with both feet.

I struck him hard and set the hooks to stay. This annoyed him some, because he made a bee line for the deep water on a straight run of about sixty feet before I put on the thumb. He passed so close to the boat that I saw his size and knew my work was cut out for me because I had a No. 5 Jamison line with which I had been casting several days and no gaff or gun to land him with.

"You cannot take chances with a line that has become worn with steady casting, so we followed him around for about thirty minutes, giving him line when he wanted it and taking her in when possible. I was unable to get the pike close enough to land him, so one of the boys at the camp paddled out and as I brought the fish to the surface he slipped his hands under his gills and lifted him into the canoe. The fight had been enough for him at that and he laid there without much pep.

"Here's a little dope for the wise ones who take a slap at the pike. If you get them from a cold spring-fed lake, they put up a game fight and if you want some good sport land a large one on a line that tests out at eight and one-half pounds. That is what my line tested after the fight, and you can take it straight, this old bird put up a fight."

THIS PIKE GETS AWAY, BUT —

The fish that gets away is always the largest, but here is a 12-pound pike that got away and, after an

hour's liberty, the line was located and the old pike successfully landed. Bill Kuss of Chicago who lost and found this rascal tells the story in this way:

" Early in July, while making the rounds of some of our smaller lakes just northwest of Chicago, I stopped at Wooster Lake, one mile directly west of Long Lake station.

" There was a thick layer of ' shredded wheat ' moss running about 300 yards from the shore into the lake, and just outside of this moss the water was quite deep, about thirty feet. As there was no wind I had no trouble in finding out at once that there was a slight current, and, in fact, this entire end of the lake was moving.

" I had confidence in this moving water, although it was terribly muddy, and within half an hour I landed three fair sized bass and had a number of ' strikes.' Then I got a ' strike ' that for a moment took my breath away. I set my hook deep into that fellow and he started off like a shot straight for the moss bank. My thirty-three yards of No. 6 was nearly all out when he struck and there was only a little left to hold him with, but it didn't seem to make any difference, for there was no holding him in, as he kept on going.

LINE SNAPS — PIKE HEADS TO WEEDS

" Yes, the line snapped at the reel. There being no wind and the water as smooth as glass I could

plainly see the 'V' shaped wake heading for the moss near shore. Strangely, for some reason I followed this wake to the moss and here found a spot where I could see the water 'bubbling' and, at once came to the conclusion, that Mr. Pike must be close at hand. I also knew Mr. Pike had all of my line dangling behind him, and as I was determined to recover that line a few moments of careful dragging located it and soon I had it on my reel again. It seemed to me about an hour's careful work trying to locate my fish when all of a sudden he started out again and I am still figuring how he ever got out of that bed of moss without breaking my line. As soon as he found he was free he made a sudden dart for open water and here is where I decided to end all this in short order, for out in deep water with plenty of line to play him and an abundance of renewed confidence it was merely a case of 'come to daddy.'

"The strangest part of it was that at no time during our game of 'hide and seek' did I get a glimpse of him, not until I was ready to tickle him behind his gills with my hand and lift him into the boat. I was almost certain I had a musky all the time, but I really felt satisfied when I found he was only a pike, considering how I hooked him, then lost him, again recovered him, and finally 'brought home the bacon.'" Not so bad for Bill to land him after his getaway.

FISHES DEEP ON HOT DAY

The pike, like the bass, hunts the cool waters during the hot weather, and you have to send your bait to him to create enough interest to excite a strike. Clarence J. Vogt of Chicago, used this method to tease a fifteen and three-quarter pound pike to hit the bait on a hot July day, and here is the story:

"I caught this husky beggar casting off Indian Point in Fox Lake, Illinois. You may recall that it was a trifle hot last Saturday, being 92 in the shade, so I let my Stanley fly with spinner, baited with a nice enticing pork strip, go down fairly deep in order to get to the fish, which were hunting the cool places in the deeper water. This pike sure must have been hungry or sore, because he struck the bait like a ten-strike. Not having a gaff or landing net, I played him for fifteen minutes, till he showed white, then I brought him close up to the boat and slipped my fingers under his gills. Did I land him then? Well, I guess not; he livened up in a second and started another five-minute tussle for a getaway, which failed to make good, for I used a little more speed on the grab when I had him to the boat the second time."

Letting the bait go down to him is what ended the career of a 12-pound pike. Sidney A. Hand of Chicago just sort of carelessly let his bait settle a bit and the answer was that the pike had a chance

to see it and struck. The fish are generally willing to do their part, if the fisherman goes half way and lets 'em see the lure. Here's how Sidney explains it:

"I was throwing a small perch out towards the edge of a fine weedy spot in Long Lake, trying to entice the lazy pike up out of the deep. I got sort of careless about reeling in, after failing for some time to get a strike, and had let my bait settle through stopping the reel, when this old man hit that perch bait like an elephant.

"I fought him to the limit, but he made the weeds before I could recover my wits and had a nice run of seventy-five feet of line down among them. I followed him up as fast as I could and it was some job getting to him through the mass of weeds, but I got him, which was my object in going fishing."

THE WALL-EYE FOOLS 'EM

The wall-eyed pike is by nature a bottom fish and it seems they take keen pleasure in staying there. Even when about to be landed the wall-eye always makes a few runs down to the bottom after being brought up alongside of the boat. Another queer thing about this old boy is the fact that a strike of a large-sized one is generally taken for a snag. Of sixteen wall-eye weighing from nine pounds up to fourteen that came under my notice one season, ten were hooked and the ten fishermen all thought they

had snagged their lines, but, of course, found out very promptly that they had another guess. Here is the record of a 12¼-pound wall-eyed pike caught in Black Lake, McNaughton, Wisconsin, by Robert H. Moulton, of Chicago:

"I was rowing along in a lazy sort of way, just about moving, my thoughts on a nice fried bass with a well-turned flapjack when I made camp. I had a line out trolling along, which is a habit I have of always keeping a line in the water for luck, when the reel began its love song. I had visions of losing my favorite dowagiac, a Heddons underwater minnow, green back with white belly, thinking that I had snagged, so I gave the line a good jerk to loosen her up.

RECOGNIZES THE WALL-EYE'S FIGHT

"That old jerk sure wised me up to the fact that I had a whopper on the off end of the line. It didn't take long to figure out that he was a wall-eye because he started off with a series of jerks and tugs that would have done credit to a bull pup. It took me about eight minutes to work the seventy feet of line away from him and bring him to the side, but not for the gaff, as he made four runs to the bottom after as many trips to the boat side, and each reeling in was harder than the preceding one.

"It was one continuous bunch of short pulls interspersed with straight long rushes to the bottom, and

when at last I felt safe to give him the gaff and raised him into the boat, I certainly knew I had as fine a wall-eyed pike as a fellow ever hopes to coax out of the home waters."

The wall-eyed pike is not a showy fighter and doesn't have the rapid fire action of the basses or musky, but at that he is no mean antagonist. A fairly large-sized one has strong action and he injects enough tug and pull into his fight to satisfy any but the most jaded of fishermen. Even so, to hook a wall-eye and play him to the net is a nice, clean piece of sport. You have to handle them carefully and not try to bring them to the net too speedily or you will lose your fish. The strike of the large wall-eyed pike is the unexpected of the fishing game and E. C. Myers of Chicago lines up the following as the final efforts of a 11¼-pound beauty he landed:

MID-DAY BEAUTY FIGHTS DEEP

"On August 17th, when I landed a wall-eyed pike that weighed 11¼ pounds, I was fishing for bass on Black Lake, McNaughton, Wisconsin, and was alone in my boat, with neither gaff nor landing net.

"All morning I had been having little luck and few bites. It was after lunch time when I decided to quit and return to the camp. No sooner had I put away my rod and grasped the oars than I noticed a swirling of water and saw a sucker about

twelve to fourteen inches long flopping in a death struggle, for he had been struck by a big fish. I immediately unlimbered my rod, selecting as bait a Hildebrandt Double Spinner and a large minnow. Then I pushed back against the wind into the bay, so as to float down the current, and started to cast among the weeds along the shore.

A HARD DEEP WATER FIGHT

"Just as I got near the end of the bay and was turning the boat, I got a heavy strike. I immediately set the hook and then the trouble commenced. It was fully ten minutes before I was able to see what I had on my hook. He fought hard, keeping deep in the water all the time, and as the boat was drifting out into deep water, and having no one to handle the boat, I took my time about landing Mr. Wall-Eye.

"Finally, he began to tire. His plunges became less and less vigorous, and I was able each time to bring him closer to the boat. Without gaff or landing net, I was compelled to prolong the fight until my opponent was completely exhausted. When at last he was 'all in,' I brought him alongside the boat, slipped my right hand under the center of his body, and, with the leader and line loose in my left hand, gently lifted the big beauty into the boat. Then I sat and gazed in amazement, entirely forgetting my hunger and wet feet in contemplation of my eleven and one-quarter pound pike."

HOT WEATHER BEST FOR WALL-EYE

July and August, the hot weather months, are the best months of the fishing season for the wall-eye and the big majority of the large ones have been caught at this time. We can therefore thank his honor for being on the feed during a period when the other game fish are sluggish and mighty particular about their appetite. And it seems also that he is at his best during the midday fishing, while the basses and musky are in their best fettle in the early morning and late evening hours of the hot weather. Emil Faber of Chicago landed a nine-pound wall-eyed pike on July 5th at Potato Lake, Wisconsin, and of the actions of this hot-weather rascal he has this to say:

"After a few hours' trolling for musky, without much success, we secured a supply of chub and shiner minnows from a nearby creek and started casting. It was about mid-day and a real July day, with an outlook for a slim stringer. On my first cast, a toss of about 90 feet in towards shore, straight for the mouth of the small creek, I had let my bait go down and on reeling in my hook, thought I was snagged. I was about ready to begin cussin' my luck when the supposed log on which I thought I was snagged became very much alive, and I set the hooks for keeps.

FIGHTS LONG AND STEADY

" By the time my fishing partner could get his line in and assist at the oars, my fish was making the water fairly boil, the line cutting through the water as he made a run with it. It was ten minutes before we even got a glimpse of him. Three times I tried to bring him up to the side and each time he plunged down again into the deep and between times he kept a continual series of jerks and pulls that made the rod spring like a whip. On the fourth trip up, after twenty minutes of careful work, I succeeded in getting him close enough to put the landing net to its proper use.

" For a piece of nice sport a large-sized wall-eyed pike is good fishing, his steady pulling and tugging keeping you aware of the fact that you have a lively customer, and he is lively up to the last minute, too."

ONE HUNDRED QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

As fishing editor of the *Chicago Herald* and the *National Sportsman Magazine,* I have had the pleasure of answering many thousand questions on fish, fishing, tackle and outing equipment. Also my series of articles on fishing running under the head of "Rod and Reel," in over forty of the leading metropolitan daily newspapers of the East and West have brought many queries to my desk. I have selected one hundred of these questions which I think will prove interesting to the reader. All of these questions have been answered either from my own actual experiences or from the experiences of other fishermen, and I feel sure that many little points that have been a trifle cloudy can be cleared up through these queries.

QUESTION. What is the best spoon to use for trolling for grass pike? — Doc.

ANSWER. Try a No. 3 Tandem Slim Eli or a No. 6 Skinner Spoon with single hook and pork rind. The Sutton Spoon hook made in Naples, N. Y., is a fine pike lure. On bright day in clear water use a

copper spoon, cloudy day or rough water use a brass or nickel spoon. Keep it moving and use a Dipsey sinker to take it down deep.

QUESTION. How do you get helgramite for bait, and are they good bait for bass? — K. M. D.

ANSWER. The helgramite is a fine bait for bass. You will find them under stones in streams. Hold a minnow net below the stone, turn the stone over, and the current will wash the helgramite into the net. They double up into a ball, and the current carries them downstream when dislodged from the under side of stones. To hook them start the hook under the hard shell near the head and out the other end.

QUESTION. What kind of bait do you recommend for pickerel in August? Is there a trap for catching crawfish? How do you catch crawfish for bait? — H. H.

ANSWER. A No. 3 spoon with a minnow, shiner or pork rind makes good pickerel bait. I know of no trap for catching crawfish. You can find them around rocky shores in the sand and under stones. They crawl under the sand and raise a little sand hump. Dig them out; you can get them in an old landing net; place it behind them, and they'll back in. Try the outlet of a lake and the mud bottoms close to shore.

QUESTION. What is a good lure for wall-eyed pike, how is the best way to fish for them and the best time of day? — W. A. G.

ANSWER. Try any bass lure, plug or spoon, also a fair sized minnow on an Archer spinner makes a good bait. Troll for them, letting bait down close to the bottom, troll slowly. Early morning, mid-day, and late afternoon.

QUESTION. Which is the correct way to use pork rind for bass, and is it a good lure? — J. J. T.

ANSWER. Pork rind can be cut in long slim strips, V-shaped, about three and one-half inches long, also in wedge shape about one and one-half inches square, three-fourths inch thick at one side, tapered to about one-half inch. Tie a piece of red yarn around the large ends, use it on most any hook, plain or spooned. It is a good lure, and used generally. Very good early in the season and at the tail end. You can get it bottled all ready for use if you do not care to cut it.

QUESTION. Will you please tell me a way to keep fishworms or angleworms? — C. S. P.

ANSWER. Fill a porous crock with grass, moss or leaves. Sprinkle with water and put in the worms. Let them alone for a day or so, then feed them the white of a hard-boiled egg, or a spoonful of cream. This will liven them up and they will have a clean, pinkish color very attractive to fish.

Don't put them in a can or smother them in dirt or mud.

QUESTION. What are a few good bass flies? — C. L. L.

ANSWER. Try Royal Coachman, Silver Doctor, Paramanchee Belle, Montreal, Gray Hackle, Brown Hackle, Reuben Wood, Queen of the Waters, Professor, Red Ibis and Grizzly King.

QUESTION. What is the best time for bass fishing on streams and best time for fly casting for bass; also does fly casting for bass take more care than bait casting? — G. L. K.

ANSWER. Early morning best on smaller streams, later part of day till sundown very good. Cloudy days, midday good, especially if cool. For fly fishing for bass early morning hours and an hour before dark best time; if full moon, even later gets the big ones. More caution required in fly fishing for bass than trout.

QUESTION. What kind of rod would you suggest for bass fly casting, also line for river work? — D. M.

ANSWER. Split bamboo an ounce or so heavier than rod for casting for trout and plenty of stiff backbone; 25 yards of waterproofed enameled silk line level or tapered size E.

QUESTION. How far will a bass carry a live bait before swallowing it? — B. G. K.

ANSWER. There is no set rule to go by; they may take the bait and run off 10 to 15 yards and again they may make it 75 or a hundred. Let them have the line after they strike; then all you do is wait till they stop to gorge the minnow before striking.

QUESTION. What is a good book on the habits of the bass? — A.

ANSWER. "Book of the Black Bass," by James A. Henshall is an excellent authority on the bass.

QUESTION. What minnows make good bass bait? — P. D. Q.

ANSWER. There are many species and varieties of minnows used as bass bait, many having local names. Among the best are chub, shiner, dace, silver minnow, gold shiner, darter and mud minnow. Black bass seem to have a special fancy for live bait brought from other than their home waters.

QUESTION. Kindly give me a table of the approximate length and weight of bass? — H. J. B.

ANSWER. Following is table for weight of bass: 9 inches, 1 pound; 10 inches, 1 pound 2 ounces; 11 inches, 1 pound 6 ounces; 12 inches, 2 pounds; 14 inches, 3 pounds; 15 inches, 4 pounds.

QUESTION. Last season I caught a 14-inch black bass, had no scales. What was the weight? — A. V.

ANSWER. According to schedule this bass should have weighed three pounds.

QUESTION. In fly-casting for bass what shade of fly is best on a cloudy day and also on bright days? —C. S. P.

ANSWER. (1) Use bright and light colored flies on cloudy days; also in high or rough water. (2) On bright days in clear or low water use a smaller fly of subdued or dark color. By all means try out fly-casting for bass. It's great — early season best, next comes tail end of season. Try river casting any time during season, fine sport.

QUESTION. Where can I get the Keeling Expert underwater minnow and has the spoon got it all over the other baits for trolling for bass and pike? — C. O. J.

ANSWER. Fred C. Keeling, Rockford, Illinois, makes the Keeling Expert and it is a fine underwater lure for bass, especially in the hot weather when they are down deep. The spoon hook used tandem in the smaller sizes, say two or three; or four to six in the larger size for pike, pickerel and musky makes a killer and can be used with plain treble hooks, feathered treble, flyed hook, pork rind, or minnow and it is a bait many fellows swear by. It can be used to advantage most any time for trolling and the small single makes a good casting spoon with minnow, frog or pork rind.

QUESTION. Is the fall fishing for bass good? — H. B.

ANSWER. Fall bass fishing is generally fine; in fact, you will find no better time than during what is termed Indian summer. The bass are full of ginger and fight to a fare-you-well. They take the fly readily at that time and the artificial plugs come into their own after a midsummer layoff. Both stream and lake fishing are good.

QUESTION. What are some of the names applied to the large-mouth bass?

ANSWER. Oswego bass, jumper, mossback; in the South he is called trout, in North Carolina, chub; in Alabama, mountain trout; and a pet name is bronze-backer.

QUESTION. I have heard the stone cat is a good bass bait; how about it? — W. W.

ANSWER. Small stone cat and his cousin, known as mad toms, make fine bait. Found in shallow water in running streams of lakes, under rocks or logs. Three to four inches makes fine bait.

QUESTION. In "Fly-Casting for Bass" you say "the nearer the water you are the less chance the fish have of seeing you"; how do you explain this? — J. M. B.

ANSWER. The closer an object is to the water the less chance a fish has to see it, particularly if the fish be 30 or 40 feet away, as in wading. One can be seen more easily by a fish if elevated above the water, as on a bank or raised shore. Often you can see the bass at some distance from the shore, but seldom while wading. If you were 20 feet above the water the fish for a radius of 60 or 70 feet could see you. Of course fish close up could see you at any time, but you seldom land those on the fly.

QUESTION. Do you find both the small-mouth and large-mouth bass in the same lakes? — F. S.

ANSWER. Not as a general thing; when you do, the small-mouth will be found on the rocky bars, near the spring holes at the outlet or inlet; if there is a little current there, on the gravel bars; while the large-mouth prefers the weedy bays, the lily pads and rushes and where the bottom is soft.

QUESTION. What is the best method of retrieving the fly in casting for bass? — F. L.

ANSWER. Let the fly float a bit with the current, then sink a little and retrieve with short, jerky motion. I like to give it a few little pulls, then let the fly stop a couple of seconds, when it sinks a little more then continue the jerking pull. It is well to cast over the same waters if you don't get a strike

the first time. Two or three casts over the same waters should get a strike; if not, swing to other waters.

QUESTION. Are frogs good still-fishing bait for bass? — G. H.

ANSWER. Use the smaller sized frogs for still fishing, and keep them in motion; they have a habit of burying themselves in the mud or under stones on the bottom; also crawl out on a windfall and watch you hold the rod. Hook them through the lips or through the skin of the back. Minnows make a better still-fishing bait.

QUESTION. Is the grasshopper a bass bait, and how do you fish it? — Ken.

ANSWER. At times the grasshopper makes a good bait, particularly on streams, or along the shore of lakes. I use it entirely as a surface bait. With a fair wind blowing the hoppers into the water, get to the windward side of the water and cast your bait lightly on the water and let the wind carry it on the surface. The roughening of the water by the wind adds to your chances of attracting the fish without being seen. Use a small hook and run it through the upper part of the body.

QUESTION. What is the difference between a bait-casting reel and fly-casting reel? — McQ.

ANSWER. The fly-casting reel is single action, the spool turning each time with the handle, while the bait-casting reel is quadruple-multiplying, the spool making four turns to one of the handle. This is for speed in casting and reeling in with limited work of the hands, while the reel for the fly-caster merely is a storage place for line.

QUESTION. What do you think of the Shakespeare Standard Professional reel and do you think the level winding affair on the level winders of any value? — T. M. B.

ANSWER. The Standard Professional is a fine reel and a low priced one; it will stand up under hard usage and last a long time if given a little care. The level-winding arrangement on the Shakespeare reels is successful and quite an aid to the reel in its work.

QUESTION. How often should a reel be oiled? — M. M. S.

ANSWER. Oil your reel every day if used for bait casting. Don't drown it with oil, a drop at each bearing is plenty and all surplus oil should be wiped off as it collects dust and sand.

QUESTION. What do you think of the Beetzel Reel; is it half as good as claimed? — Hal. J.

ANSWER. The Beetzel Reel is a wonderful tool.

Besides being a sure-enough anti-backlasher it also is a level-winder and being hand-made is a reel that will last a lifetime if given care. It sets you back $20, but your reel troubles are a thing of the past and it does everything but "clean the fish for the spider." Seventy-three orders were ahead of me when I got mine and I think that speaks some for it.

QUESTION. Will you tell me about Antiback-lash reels? Are they reliable and what are some good ones?

ANSWER. The Antiback-lash reels are O. K. and for the fellow who cannot give much time to practice of thumbing the ordinary reel are a life-saver. The South Bend Antiback-lash and the Pflueger-Redifor Antiback-lash are both good, well made reels. They are very good for night and moonlight casting also.

QUESTION. What are good salmon flies? And what is the usual length of a salmon rod? — D. K.

ANSWER. Try these: Silver Doctor, Jock Scott, Silver Gray, Durham Ranger, Dusty Miller and Black Fairy. Salmon rods are generally 15 feet in length, are built with double hand grips as both hands are used in casting.

QUESTION. What are a couple good artificial plugs for river bait casting? — W. H. B.

ANSWER. I find the Coaxer, Tango, Jr., all white with red top, Heddon's Baby Crab Wiggler, Wilson Wobbler, rainbow color, and the Bassareno, white with red head, very good river baits.

QUESTION. What is the simplest method of tying a leader to the eyed fly. I am starting with the eyed flies this season? — B. M.

ANSWER. Try the "jam knot." To attach a fly in this way, pass the end of the leader through the eye of the hook toward the bend of the hook, bend back this end along the main strand of the leader and tie a half hitch around the main strand without drawing tight, slip the half hitch loop along and down the leader and just over the eye of the hook, then pull tight.

QUESTION. How shall I go about fishing for Lake Trout? I fish a lake which has been stocked for seven years and they won't rise to anything.— P. G.

ANSWER. Go down after them, Old Man, go way down. Here is a rig; take an eight-ounce sinker, cone-shaped, and tie it to your reel line with a piece of old line about three feet long. Use old line so it will break if snagged on the bottom and you lose only the sinker. Then take three pieces of good line and swivel them to your reel line, the first right above the sinker line connection and the next a foot

above that and the last one a foot higher. Let this down till you make bottom, and troll very slow, first, of course, having baited with a nice shiner or large minnow on each hook at the end of each of the three pieces of line. This is about the best lake trout rig. If you wish you can use plaited copper wire line which sinks better than ordinary line but this will probably not be necessary for the fish in your lake.

QUESTION. Are there any grayling left, and if so, where are they, and when is the fishing season? — S. K. N.

ANSWER. About the only grayling fishing is in Montana in the tributaries of the Missouri River above the great falls; in the Sheep and Tenderfoot tributaries of the Smith River and the upper end of the Madison River tributaries at the head of Red Rock Lake, where the water is rapid and comparatively smooth. Also in Beaver Creek. Best season, September, October and November.

QUESTION. What is the average-sized hook used on a trout fly? — G. H.

ANSWER. Flies tied to a No. 8 hook are average; have your main selection on this sized hook with a few of the best patterns on larger and smaller ones for unusual conditions.

QUESTION. What is the approximate weight of brook trout as to length? — G. G.

ANSWER. Eight-inch trout weighs 4 ounces; 9-inch, 6 ounces; 10-inch, 7 ounces; 11-inch, 9 ounces; 12-inch, 1 pound; 15-inch, pound and a half; 18-inch, 2½ pounds.

QUESTION. Can you tell me where I can get a "Whaling Good" rod, and can you recommend it for bait casting? — P. L. M.

ANSWER. The Whaling rods are made by G. E. Whaling & Son Co., of Cleveland, Ohio, and are hand made under the direct supervision of Dad Whaling who has been making rods for ages and making good rods at that. Each rod is raised a pet and has more care than you could imagine would be given to a piece of wood in its travels through the rod-making game. You can get a Whaling rod for either bait-casting or fly-casting and it will be a piece of tackle you'll never part with.

QUESTION. Have you ever used the Foss pork rind minnow and what is it good for? — H. G.

ANSWER. The Foss pork rind minnow is a new bait that has made good with a wallop. It has a single hook, upright, and you clamp in a piece of pork rind, the spinner on front and the peculiar motion of the bait makes a mighty luring appearance to a hungry bass, or in fact any old bass. It is good for bass, pike, musky, pickerel, and with a couple of split-shot sinkers makes a good lure for wall-eyes.

QUESTION. Is there much use in fishing for trout when the stream is in a rising condition from spring thaws and the water muddy? — R. E. B.

ANSWER. No, trout are sluggish then, show little spirit. As water clears in early season they will take bait. This is the most successful way of fishing for them at this time, they are ground feeding and slow to rise to fly; however, try a Silver Doctor, or other brilliantly colored fly.

QUESTION. Is there such a fish as the "tiger" musky? — K. H.

ANSWER. The commonly called "tiger" musky is the striped species of the unspotted musky. Although some of our best piscatorial authorities who are acquainted with most fish by their Latin names have little to say about the tiger. Personally I watched a 27½-pound tiger do his death dance this fall, and he was as pretty a marked fish as you will find in a few days' paddle. He was a short, stocky rascal of a silver greenish tint, running into a grayish white underneath, and each brownish stripe was a perfect mark. There sure is such a critter, and he fights to a fare-you-well.

QUESTION. Have you ever used mice for bass bait, and are they good for bass? — A. J. S.

ANSWER. Never used one, Old Man; heard of lots of people that have done so, but I never had the

nerve to hook a mouse on as a bait. They have been very successful as a lure for large bass.

QUESTION. How does a musky strike a lure and where is the best location in a lake or stream for them? — D. W.

ANSWER. Musky strikes from side and with an upward swing, often breaking water at the strike. In lakes you find him over submerged weed beds and rocky gravel bottoms and off the edges of weed beds in water generally from 5 up to 15 feet. In streams near bunches of weed and rushes, windfalls, logs, heaps of brush, sloughs alongside of rocks and off the points.

QUESTION. Why do fish turn a live bait around and swallow it head first? — T. J. S.

ANSWER. Never really found out the real reason, Old Man, but presume they do it from instinct in order to save themselves from the sharp spines on some of the other fish. By swallowing them head first, the spines in the dorsal fin close down and don't prick them on the way down.

QUESTION. Are the preserved minnows in jars any good for bait? — R. H. C.

ANSWER. The preserved minnows make a good bait for casting; they hold their silvery shine very well and for emergency you should have a bottle

along. In casting very few minnows live over three or four casts of the average bait-caster; the only thing necessary with a dead minnow is to keep it in motion. I have found preserved minnows good bait for wall-eyed pike as well as bass and trout.

QUESTION. Off and on I take short canoe trips during the summer and fall; do you think a Comfort Sleeping Pocket has any advantages over the ordinary sleeping bags for trips of this kind? — S. O. S.

ANSWER. No doubt you refer to the Comfort Sleeping Pocket made by the Athol Manufacturing Company, Athol, Massachusetts. This sleeping pocket is so far ahead of the old time sleeping bags that there is absolutely no comparison. The air mattress is sure a joy-bed and it makes a pile of rocks feel like eider-down. It opens down the entire side and is easily aired, at the same time it does not sweat-up when in use which is often the case with old style sleeping bags. With this sleeping pocket you will need no tent as it is covered with balloon silk and has a flap at the head that can be rigged up as a tent cover. I carry a Feather-weight No. 2 which weighs 14 pounds and sleep in any kind of weather just as comfy as in my four-poster. For down-right solid comfort and a handy piece of out-door equipment, place your bet on the Comfort Sleeping Pocket.

QUESTION. How about the Sportsman's Compac Tent; will it fill the bill for camp and trail use? — Vic. C.

ANSWER. The Sportsman's Compac Tent is sure a little wonder, and if you are going light and right it is certainly a fine and handy tent. You can erect it in a minute with or without poles. I prefer it without, simply throwing a light rope over a limb and pulling it taut. It is water, bug and snakeproof and has screened ventilators in both ends that prevent mildew, one of the draw-backs to most waterproof tents. It only weighs 3¾ pounds and rolls up into a snug pacakge that can be packed with ease. It sleeps two, and for the canoe trip or hike it is surely a light, handy, well-made outer's tent.

QUESTION. Can I use a spoon hook for casting? — D. H.

ANSWER. Yes, if your bait is not heavy enough to give you a fair cast put on a small dipsey sinker. A good spoon with pork rind and a dipsey for weight make a fine casting bait.

QUESTION. How is the Meisselbach Automatic reel for casting and trolling? How is the Tango minnow for bass and pickerel, and what other minnows have you had luck with? — C. B.

ANSWER. The Meisselbach Automatic is very

good for trolling and for fly-casting, but is not made for bait-casting; you need a quadruple-multiplying reel for this. Meisselbach Take-a-part at $5.50 is a good one. The Tango Minnow is a fine lure; try the white with red top, all red, and the yellow with mottled green back. For small-mouth the Tango, Jr., is good. Other baits I find successful are Jamison Coaxer, Wilson Wobbler, white with red flutes; South Bend Bass-oreno, white with red head; Heddon's Crab Wiggler; Jim Dandy, spotted green; Pflueger-Surprise, Perch color. But keep 'em moving in the water.

QUESTION. (1) Should I reel my bait in fast after a cast? (2) What is the right distance for an average cast? — J. K.

ANSWER. (1) Reel in slow for about five feet, then fast. The faster the better — just that much sooner do you get another cast out, and when fishing you must cast as often as possible. (2) Fifty feet is as good a cast as you will want to make. Trying to throw the bait to center field merely causes back lashes, which mean lost time.

QUESTION. What color of artificial baits is best early in the bass season? — A. J. B.

ANSWER. I have had the best luck with white body and red heads, also all red and all white. Try out these, then all green, green and white, and rain-

bow. Bass take most any color in the early fishing; seem to strike from pure cussedness.

QUESTION. Does the splash of an artificial bait scare the fish? — W. E.

ANSWER. No, it will attract the fish rather than scare it.

QUESTION. What do you think of the Senter-Brade line for casting? — T. F. G.

ANSWER. No doubt you refer to Senter-Brade Silk casting line No. 018; if so, this is a fine line for bass casting. It is braided around an independent core and works very well on the reel.

QUESTION. Is a 10-pound test line strong enough for muskies? — J. C.

ANSWER. With skill in handling your tackle a 10-pound line is strong enough for muskies, but I suggest that you use a 16- or 18-pound test bass line, and at that don't try to force the fish to gaff too fast. That's when the line goes.

QUESTION. My split-bamboo rod has come apart from being wet; what is a good glue to use and how shall I go about regluing it? — C. W. B.

ANSWER. A good glue to use is ordinary Le-Page's, or better still take the white flake glue used by pattern-makers and heat it yourself. Clean the bamboo strips of all old glue. Use a piece of broken

glass, then reglue the rod tying it together until it dries. Rewind with silk as you wish and varnish, using good varnish and letting it dry between coats. Before varnishing you will, of course, scrape the outer side of the rod.

QUESTION. What is a good cement for ferrules? — D. L.

ANSWER. Dodge's cement is most generally used and it is good stuff.

QUESTION. What do you think of the Heddon's rod for bait casting? — W. M.

ANSWER. The Heddon's rod is made on the long-tip, short-butt construction, and is a fine fishing tool. The strain is not on the ferrule in landing a fish, as the two-piece make with the short butt brings the ferrule well below the center of the rod, where the bend comes, and that is where the break would come. It is far preferable to the three-piece split bamboos. You can get them from $2 up to $15 and all good values.

QUESTION. How can I take a "set" out of my fly rod? — R. J. V.

ANSWER. If the warp or set is in the entire rod, hang it up by the tip with a weight attached to the butt. If the set is only in one joint hang it up with weight on the end of the warped joint.

QUESTION. Can I use an ordinary No. 25 Bristol steel rod for trolling, and will it damage it for casting? — S. N.

ANSWER. You can use this rod for trolling, but I suggest that you get a steel rod shortener for 20 cents and take no chances with a good rod. Slip out the first joint, put the shortener in the grip, the second joint in the shortener, and you have a fine short trolling rod.

QUESTION. What size line should be used in fly-casting with a 10-foot rod? — L. M. V.

ANSWER. For a 10-foot rod with plenty of backbone use size E; for rods under 10 feet and light, use size F.

QUESTION. (1) What is the correct length of rod for use in bait casting; and (2) is there any rule to follow as to length of rod in comparison with the height of the user?

ANSWER. (1) Length of rod is a matter of personal preference. I use a five-foot rod, and feel like a lost brother with a six-footer — better make it between five and six feet. Whip a couple different length rods over your shoulder a few times and you will find the one best suited to yourself in that way. (2) All bunk; get a rod that you "feel" is right, be you a shorty or a six-footer.

QUESTION. What is the correct way to assemble a rod? — F. B. L.

ANSWER. Work toward the butt in assembling the rod; first assemble the tip and first joint, the butt joint comes last; take the rod apart just the reverse. If you value your rod don't twist the ferrules either in assembling or disjointing it.

QUESTION. I have difficulty in jointing and unjointing my rod; should the ferrules be filed down? — D. K.

ANSWER. Try a little oil on the ferrules before jointing; if they still stick take the finest emery dust and reduce the male ferrule by rubbing very lightly. Be very careful as emery dust cuts German silver very rapidly. Be sure the ferrules need reducing before you do it.

QUESTION. (1) Can I get a fairly good fly-rod for $15 to $20; and (2) what is the average length of the fly-rod best suited for general use? — R. M. S.

ANSWER. You can get a very good rod of split bamboo for $15, and with a few special fixings $20 would give you an excellent one; be careful in selecting the rod. When you get in the expert class you can go higher. (2) Select a rod between nine and ten feet, matter of personal choice.

QUESTION. Outside of split-bamboo what are

some good woods for one-piece casting rods? — A. G. F.

ANSWER. Three good woods are lancewood, greenheart and bathabara. Lancewood is preferred by the majority that wish solid wood rods, while bathabara is the most costly.

QUESTION. What sized line should I use with a steel fly rod. I am using a size E now? — J. D.

ANSWER. For steel fly-casting rod I suggest that you try a size C line as better results will be had with the heavier line. A lot of difficulty found in casting with a steel fly rod is caused by the use of too light a line.

QUESTION. (1) What is the test strength of an enameled line size E and size F also? (2) Tell me the best method of drying these lines? — F. M.

ANSWER. (1) E size tests 28 pounds. F tests 22 pounds. (2) Run the line through a cloth held in the hand; this is sufficient to dry enameled lines; also occasionally dress the line with deer fat, it will work better and last longer.

QUESTION. How do numbers and letters compare as regards the size of enameled lines? — A. C. J.

ANSWER. No. 6 — H, No. 5 — G, No. 4 — F, No. 3 — E, No. 2 — D, No. 1 — C.

QUESTION. What do you think of the Waterman Porto outboard motor, and do you think that they scare fish? — Q. T. W.

ANSWER. The Waterman Porto is a good motor, can be run at very low trolling speed, and slow enough for casting. The reversing propeller comes in mighty handy, and the entire motor is built right. For river and lake it is sure a fine tool. Weighs 68 pounds, which makes it easy to portage. Government tests of motors have shown that fish are not frightened by motors. Of course in a lake turned over to pleasure craft fishing falls off, but the outboard motor used right will make your fishing more pleasant and you cover far more fishing water.

QUESTION. What is the difference in the spinning of the Standard, Slim Eli and Idaho Hildebrandt spinners? — C. G. S.

ANSWER. The Slim Eli is a narrow spinner that spins close to the shank; Standard spins medium close, and the Idaho spins wide. Standard best for ordinary fishing, Idaho for roily waters, Slim Eli, clear waters.

QUESTION. Do you think the Nighthawk luminous compass is a compass one can rely on in the woods? I am going to northern Canada and want to carry the right thing in this line. — P. L. F.

ANSWER. A Nighthawk luminous compass is a good instrument and it has the added advantage of being readable at night, which is some useful if you are toting a pack and gun. By all means get the wrist compass; it's always where you can see it.

QUESTION. What is the best way to tell good from bad gut for leaders? — Hal G.

ANSWER. Good quality gut is round, hard and smooth; poorer gut is flat in places and frays easily. Look out for flat places; often this can only be discovered by rolling between the fingers. A flat spot means a weak leader. For hardness of the leader, test it by biting on it.

QUESTION. When is the best time for trolling and where?

ANSWER. Best trolling time, morning, evening and after dark. Troll close to edge of rushes, lily pads and weeds, or over sunken weed formation, over and along sand bars and off the shelving bottoms between shallow and deep water, or where light and dark waters seem to meet.

QUESTION. What kind of a gun would you suggest to take on a canoe trip? — J. T. D.

ANSWER. Either a light-caliber repeater or a Marbles Game-getter. I carry a Game-getter on

river and general fishing trips; it is small and compact and has a barrel for .22-caliber and .44-caliber round ball or shot. This gives you a small gun good for emergencies, shot good for birds and duck, and .22 caliber for squirrels, etc. This gun is built for men and is not a toy.

QUESTION. What is the best way to carry live frogs for bait from the city to your fishing waters? — W. S.

ANSWER. Carry the frogs in a small bait basket and don't put any wet grass or moss in the basket. Although frogs come from wet, marshy places, they live better in captivity in a dry place. Frogs live very well piled five or six on top of each other. After reaching fishing waters, wet them thoroughly two or three times a day.

QUESTION. Can you give me a formula for coloring leaders a mist color? — J. L. P.

ANSWER. Take one dram of logwood and six grains of copperas, boil in a pint of water. Soak the leaders in this solution for five minutes or until the tint your desire is secured.

QUESTION. Could I use the formula of one-half fluid ounce of formaldehyde to a pint of water for preserving pork rind the same as minnows? — J. E. H.

ANSWER. Yes; this is a good formula for pork rind as well as minnows.

QUESTION. In your answer to G. B. K. last week in reference to bait casting you say, " Let them have the line after they strike, and wait until they stop before striking." While such an authority as Jim Heddon writes in his " Hints on Bait Casting " to " strike and strike quick as soon as the fish strikes the bait." How about it? — T. L. K.

ANSWER. By reading the query of G. B. K. you will find he refers to live bait. If you strike when a bass or pike first hits your live bait, all you'll have for your trouble will be a minnow torn in half or gone entirely. You got to let 'em take it on the first run and wait till they stop to gorge; they then turn the bait around and swallow it head first. That's the time to strike. Jim Heddon writes entirely in his " Hints on Bait Casting " on the casting of artificial baits, and with these you must strike at once when the fish strikes. Under the circumstances we are both right, Old Man.

QUESTION. Will you give me formula for waterproofing a light canvas or drill tent? — Camper.

ANSWER. Take equal parts of alum and sugar-of-lead. A quart or more of each to several buckets of tepid water. Soak well in above solution, turn-

ing often and spread out to dry. This is water and fire proof.

QUESTION. How do you use a light to get frogs at night? — F. D.

ANSWER. Locate a frog pond or a shore along a stream and either wade or back a boat along the shore. The frogs are generally on logs, windfalls or in the shore weeds or grasses, flash your light along these places and you can grab the frog before he thinks of hopping, the light blinds them for 20 to 40 seconds. While getting the little ones for bait, slip a few big ones in the bag for breakfast.

QUESTION. I have noticed many stoves advocated for camping trips, are they useful and what do you know of the Moats Gasoline Stoves? — C. K.

ANSWER. Stoves are O. K. for a camp and for the fellow who is not much for cooking at a campfire they are a life saver. The Moats Gasoline Stove is without doubt the king of camp stoves, you can light it in a thirty-mile gale and it burns steadily. It is very compact, folding up into small space and for an all-round camp stove with baker the Moats No. 1 Oven Stove is a dinger. I carried a No. 1 on a canoe trip last fall and it was the handiest part of the entire kit. It can be set up in a minute and the spider will be sizzling the next minute, without any smoke in the eyes or wood to rustle. Carrying

a Moats may be "agin" some of the ethics of the fellow who wants to rough it, but for mine I want to "smooth it" when I go into the woods.

QUESTION. Have you ever used a Grace Convertible Tent, if so what do you think of it for a party of two on a hike and fishing trip? — Camper.

ANSWER. The Grace Tent is a tent that will stand the gaff, it weighs 8 pounds and is made of o-d waterproof drill and is equipped with insect proof ventilators. This tent was designed and invented by Dr. Grace after twenty-five years outdoor and military experience. Two can sleep well in it and at a pinch four can sleep in it. It is a good winter tent as well as summer, so arranged that the end can be taken off and a campfire built close up as it needs no guy ropes. It can be divided into a pack sack or used as a sleeping bag. As an all-round good tent that will stand up under hard usage and make good the Grace tent is a sure enough snug harbor.

QUESTION. How can I pickle and seal pork rind in July so it will be good to use through August and September? Do you consider it good bait for pickerel? — F. H. I.

ANSWER. Take an old tin box and put a layer of salt in the bottom, roll your pork rind in salt and pack it in on top of the salt in the bottom of box. Sprinkle a little salt over it, put in the rest of your

rind, covering the entire amount with salt, and your bait will keep indefinitely. (2) Pork rind on a weedless hook with a No. 3 spoon or tandem spinner makes a fine pickerel bait. Tie red yarn around the head and let the string ends hang down about as long as the rind. Some bait.

QUESTION. What is the Warmouth bass? — G. M.

ANSWER. The Warmouth bass, called by some the google-eye redeye, and bream, is really a sunfish shaped very much like the rock bass. Grows to ten inches and prefers shallow ponds and lowland sluggish streams, not very game and generally carries the flavor of the mud bottoms when used as food.

QUESTION. To settle a dispute can you tell me the surest way to identify the pickerel, pike and musky? — G. S.

ANSWER. By comparison you will find the pickerel has both cheeks and gill covers entirely scaled; the pike has scales on the cheeks and upper half only of the gill covers, while the musky has only the upper half of the cheeks and gill covers scaled. Many true pike are called pickerel.

QUESTION. Will you kindly give a formula for preserving minnows? — F. J. D.

ANSWER. For preserving minnows make a solu-

tion of a half fluid ounce of formaldehyde to a pint of water. Put them in an airtight jar.

QUESTION. What length and width canoe would you advise for a three weeks' trip in Canadian waters, with rapids in rivers and some lakes and quite a few portages? — C. M. S.

ANSWER. I suggest a straight-keeled canoe with a good tumble-home in which the width and flat floor are carried well into the bow and stern. This increases carrying capacity and buoyancy, adding to the seaworthiness for the crossing of lakes. Get a 16-footer 13 to 14 inches deep and 30 to 36 inches wide, weight about 70 pounds. The Thompson canoe is a good rough-water worker on lakes and white water in rivers.

QUESTION. For lake fishing do you prefer a landing net or gaff? — D. K. M.

ANSWER. I use a gaff at all times, except fly casting, when a landing net is a necessity. I use a Marbles clincher gaff on most fish.

L. M.— To preserve a landing net, soak it in linseed oil, shake out all excess oil, stretch the net and dry it thoroughly. This will add to its life.

THE CALL OF THE GRAN'DADDY BASS

When de leetle buds are swellin' from de saps dat
fill de tree,
An' de Canuck goose ees honkin' from de balmy
southern sea;
When de chinnooks heet de woodland from de
passes on de coast,
An' I sell de bonny fur-pelt to de Factor at de
Post;
Oh, I knaw de tam ees comin'— when I get dat
funnee feel —
To untangle lines an' feesh-hooks from de tackle an'
de reel.

When de winter she ees sentenc' to de Nort' where
she belong,
An' de woods are rainbow color an' de matin' call
ees strong;
Eet ees den I packs de snaw-shoe, rolls de log-chain
in a ball
To de chanson half-breeds w'isle as dey mush to
Montreal.
Give me den de rod an' feesh-line, let me patch de
birch canoe —
Sacre Bleu!

The call of the water trails brings us close to old Mother Nature and the wonders over which she holds sway. The whispering winds through the tall pines; the call of the loon off the stilled waters; the saucy defiant chirp of the red squirrel, all awaken an answering chord within the keen fellows who go forth to conquer. I can find just as much enjoyment in manipulating the spider, coffee pot and stew-pan over the evening campfire as I can in watching the game fins making their fight for freedom—but the real pleasure comes when one tries to convince his "pals" of the extraordinary size of the fish that got away.

Dere's a small-mout' bass I've feeshed for, seence
de Spring of Ninety-two!

In de shallows I hav foun' heem, where de win'-falls
spot de lac,
In de rock-beds an' de peebles I have seen hes ebon
back;
I hav coax heem wid de pork-rind, wooden plug an'
buck-tail spoon
But he seem to keep as distant as de crazy diving
loon.
He's de Gran'pap of de Small-mout's from away
before de war —
He's de same ol' bass dat's fool me many t'ousan'
tams before!

Oh, de hair upon my forehead, she ees gettin' silver
grey,
While de han' she sometam tremble in a warnin'
kin' of way.
Den I knaw, by Gar, I'm trailin' to de limit of my
boun's
An' a step will tak me ovair to de Happy Huntin'
Groun's,
Where I'll trap de same ol' mush-rat; sell de fur
for what she's wort'
Cas' de same ol' line an' feesh-hooks dat I did down
here on Eart'

An' I'll start de struggle ovair in de same lac an' canoe;

Sacre Bleu!

Wid de same ol' Bass I've feeshed for seence de Spring of Ninety-two!

— *Albert Jay Cook.*

THE RAGGED LAND

Were you ever marooned in the Ragged Land far
out from the frontier lines,
Where the wild wind sweeps from the Arctic Pole
and soughs through the Norway pines?
Have you watched the sky in a blue-bowled night
as you lay on the close-packed sod
And a star fell down from its place up there like a
match from the hand of God?
Have you heard the jeer of an idiot loon in a land
of unearthly quiet,
With the grub-pack down to a can of milk and the
prospect of cones for diet?
Has your soul been bared to the naked wind in the
midst of a trackless wild —
To the naked wind of the Ragged Land — like the
soul of an artless child?
Have you dreamed again in your office chair of a
trail that you left behind;
Of a song that the pine trees softly sing at the end
of a long day's grind;
Of the restful peace of primeval years in the hush
of the balsam air,
And a sun that crimsons the chopped-up edge of the
tumbled mountains there?

In the canyoned murk of the city walls, with its masonry heaven-piled,
Have you felt, with a bitter yearning, the breath of the utter wild?
Do you curse the laws of a man-made life and the things that those laws demand,
As you dream of a life that once was yours on the trails of the Ragged Land?

—*Albert Jay Cook.*

THE WILDERNESS LURE

O whence the voice that lures me on to little lakes
I know,
Where flapping teal fly up at dawn and fringing
balsams grow,
Where forests rule the lonely land, unmarked, un-
tamed, unmarred,
And sentry-like the Norways stand majestic, silent
guard?

A voice that brings the frighted hush of deer among
the pine,
And whispers of the whip-like rush of bass upon
the line.
The Call is strong and once again I finger gun and
rod
And dream of covers where I've lain and trails that
once I trod.

You've heard the Call the Red Gods send on all the
winds that blow;
You've felt the lure, O Pal and Friend, that comes
to those who know.

Come, answer it, as I have done among the lakes
and vales;
Come, answer it, with rod and gun, O Comrade
of the Trails!

— *Albert Jay Cook.*

THE SAME OLD STORY

Ahga the caveman, a cripple, tinkered in flint and stone;
Painted the walls and the granite, gravened the great moose-bone;
Made he the stone-age language, gave men the tongue they spoke —
Wisely ruled Ahga, the cripple, the man that the Rock-Gods broke.

Once in a hungry moment gazed he far off to the lake
And clutching a morsel of mammoth, Ahga, the cripple, spake:
"Living things roam in the waters! Why?" and he gazed again:
"Each of them eateth the other — good they must be for men."

Fashioned he bone in his cunning; best of his store he took;
Plucked he from sharp rock and branches horse-hairs to string his hook
Baited it wisely with liver — spoke to hungry throng:

"Follow me not, Neolithics, I come with the kill
ere-long!"

Great was the day for Ahga, great the renown he
gained;
Fish by the bushel he brought them, still was his
strong heart pained.
"Ahga!" the Cavemen shouted, "why do you sulk
to-day?"
And Ahga, the cripple, answered: "The biggest
one got away!"

— *Albert Jay Cook.*

FISHING AT NIGHT

Like fairy cakes, the silver pine
  Stand out against the moon
And eery-voiced, the dim shore line
  Gives answer to the loon.
A flashing fish breaks through
  The inky sheet we glide —
A rod, a reel, a birch canoe
  And I am satisfied.

Assassin night doth rule the sky
  The Heavens gleam no more,
Yet still the gloom is penciled by
  The golden fire on shore.
Deep hours must pass — till birth anew
  Gives dawn a fading bride —
A rod, a reel, a birch canoe
  And I am satisfied.

It seems as though, above, there might
  Be gathered whisp'ring souls
To see, unseen, in pulsing night
  Their one-time fishing holes —

Enough! The Strike! My waited cue;
And quietly we ride —
A rod, a reel, a birch canoe
And I am satisfied.

— *Albert Jay Cook.*

RUBAIYAT OF A FISHERMAN

I

Life's a pond with wriggling humans filled,
Each doomed to follow on the way that's willed.
The Fates cast out the lure and angle for
The young and old, the learned and unskilled.

II

I fling this little perch that mulled the needled hook
Back in the lake to seek some quiet windfall nook;
So do the Fates when Hope, perchance, has fled
Fling back to those who wait, a soul they took.

III

As do the gobbling sunfish herd round the angle-worm
So do we mortals, for wealth and high position, squirm.
Turn on the light, let's see him at his worst,
What boots it — fish or man — each one's a germ.

— *Albert Jay Cook.*

RAIN

Thunder rolling softly,
Thunder once again;
  Then it comes a-dripping
Comes the gentle rain!
    Rain!
Rain in the coffee!
Rain in the jeans!
Rain in the sugar!
Rain in the beans!
  Rain! Rain! Rain!

Through the pines and birches
Faster than before
  Still it comes a-ripping
'Till it makes you sore!
    Rain!
Rain in the elbows!
Rain in the knees!
Morning and evening!
Rain when you please!
  Rain! Rain! Rain!

Sloppy, sodden, soaking,
Life is full of pain —

What's the use of camping
In the soggy rain?
Rain!
Rain in the bedding!
Blankets and all!
Rain in the bacon!
Rain! — Rain! — That's all!
Rain! Rain! Rain!

— *Albert Jay Cook.*

FALL FISHING

Before the bracing wind that chafes the lake
The deadened, swaying birches bend and break.
  Alone I man my boat and briskly go
To quiet bays that now the guides forsake,
  And marvel at the splendors as I row.
Above me, honking squadrons southward fly
And autumn flaunts her plumage to the sky;
  The trees are like hussars upon parade
Ere yet the slothful summer passes by
  And wafts a lazy kiss to him who stayed.

The forest creatures feel the coming test
And fill the hidden caches by their nest;
  The silver fish that flashes from his lair
Has sensed the changing season like the rest
  And fain would taste the pungent fighting air.
In such a way no gamy things endure
I make the cast and jerk the gaudy lure,
  'Till comes the sudden swish — the lashing sign
That tells me something's struck it, swift and sure —
  A frenzied water wild-cat on the line!

Ye men who crave the whip-like rush and feel
Of mighty fish that spin the humming reel,

Go not when sun-hot idle lakes are fanned
By soothing winds that from the tropics steal
To drowse the sharpened senses of the land;
Go not, ye patient Waltons, 'til the day
That autumn mints the leaves her brilliant way;
'Til first ye see the grim white Artist, North,
Has flicked his fingers on the things that stay —
And then, my fellow-angler, go ye forth!

— *Albert Jay Cook.*

THE CALL OF THE WILD

When, like grimy dragons crawling, comes the city's darkness falling
Do you feel the trails a-calling, do you hearken to a voice that brings a dream?
Do you hear the pine-trees sighing when the south-east winds are dying
And the cratered lakes are lying in their turquoise-painted bowls of silver cream?

As the last mill's flame is leaping o'er a million toilers sleeping,
Have you felt the lure a-creeping like a long forgotten scrap of youthful sin?
Do you yearn for hikes and sallies into balsam scented valleys,
Through the virgin wildwood alleys, where the rod and reel and gun have never been?

Just to meet God's open spaces and the cozy hidden places
Where the flashing trout-stream races and you never need to make a second cast.

Just to roam the forest, dreaming, while the blue
sky up there's beaming
And the golden sun is gleaming as if every ray of
lightness were the last.

Do you feel your slow pulse dancing when the spring-
time comes, enhancing
The virile and free romancing of the voices that the
foursome earth-winds blow?
Oh, you never will outgrow it, for your dreaming
glances show it,
And they've got you, Pal, I know it, so you'd better
pack the duffle-bag and go!

—*Albert Jay Cook.*

THE END